

STARBLAZER

FANTASY FICTION IN PICTURES No. 237

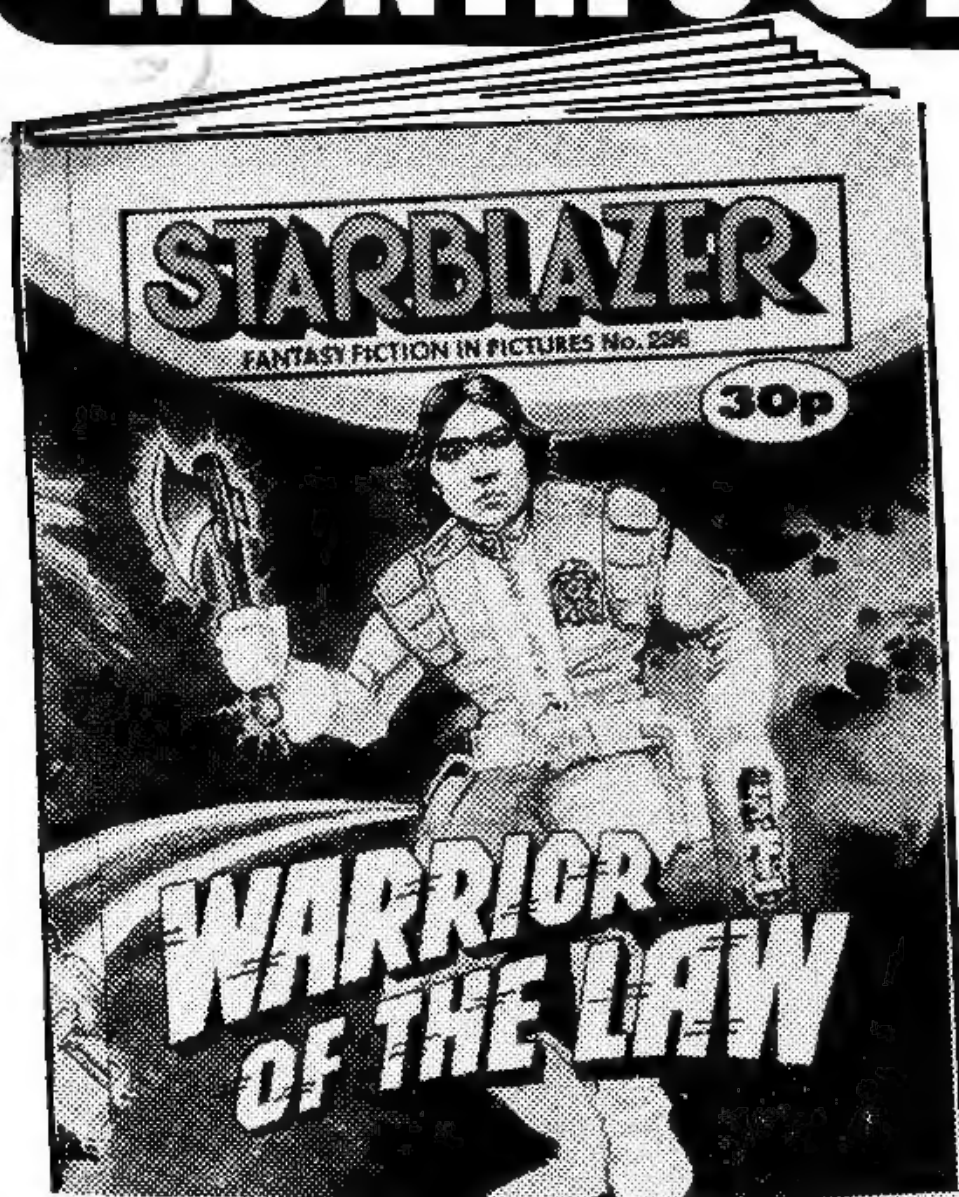
30p



ROUGH JUSTICE

— A CARTER STORY —

DON'T FORGET THIS MONTH'S OTHER



NOW ON SALE

Have you missed a copy of Starblazer? Well, we can prevent it happening again — with an annual subscription. All you have to do is write for details to
**STARBLAZER SUBSCRIPTIONS, D. C. THOMSON & CO.,
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enclosing an SAE for your reply.

ROUGH JUSTICE

KANDRON-B: LARGEST
PLANET IN THE SMALL
CLUSTER OF COLONY
WORLDS KNOWN AS THE
ZWERBIN SECTOR.

IT'S BEEN A GREAT
PARTY, OFFICER
ZED — YOU
SHOULD RETIRE
MORE OFTEN!

11.21 PM — ZWERBIN
STANDARD TIME.

4

ZWERBIN LAW ENFORCEMENT
HQ, KANDRON-B.

YEAH! ALL THIS
CUTTLEFISH,
IT'S MADE ME FEEL
QUITE ... UNGHHHH!

ACTUALLY ... ACTUALLY,
ZED ... I ... I FEEL RATHER
STRANGE ...

S-SO DO I ... CAN'T
KEEP AWAKE ...

C-CAN'T ...
URRGHHHHH!

11.25 PM Z.S.T.

GALACTIC SPACEWAYS
FLIGHT LZ-14 TO
DAHAAL. 1.45 AM Z.S.T.

FORTY MINUTES
TO PLANETFALL.

MR CARTER ... ?

CARTER WAS A MANDROID —
PART MACHINE, PART MAN —
AND HE MOVED LIKE
LIGHTNING —

SORRY, STEWARDESS — BUT
YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER
THAN TO APPROACH A LAW
ENFORCEMENT OFFICER FROM
BEHIND! WHAT IS IT?

EEEEEEK!



NEW ORDERS FROM YOUR BOSS
— THERE'S AN EMERGENCY ON
KANDRON-B — THE ENTIRE LAW
ENFORCEMENT DEPARTMENT IS
DOWN WITH ZWERBINIAN
CUTTLEFISH POISONING!

KANDRON-B? WHERE'S THAT?



ER ... WE'RE FLYING
OVER IT, SIR.

... AND AS NEAREST FULL
OFFICER IN THE SECTOR,
CARTER, YOU'RE APPOINTED
KANDRON'S POLICE FORCE. ONLY
ONE ROOKIE COP, COE, IS
AVAILABLE ON THE PLANET TO
ASSIST YOU. THIS ASSIGNMENT
WILL LAST UNTIL THE OTHER
OFFICERS RECOVER ...



CARTER TELEPORTED DOWN TO THE MIDDLE OF KANDRON'S MAIN CITY — KANDROBAD.







LAWSON TOOK CARTER TO HQ—

LONG




THANKS FOR THE LIFT, LAWSON.
NOW GET OUT OF THE TRANSPORTER!

WHAT? BUT ... WHY?



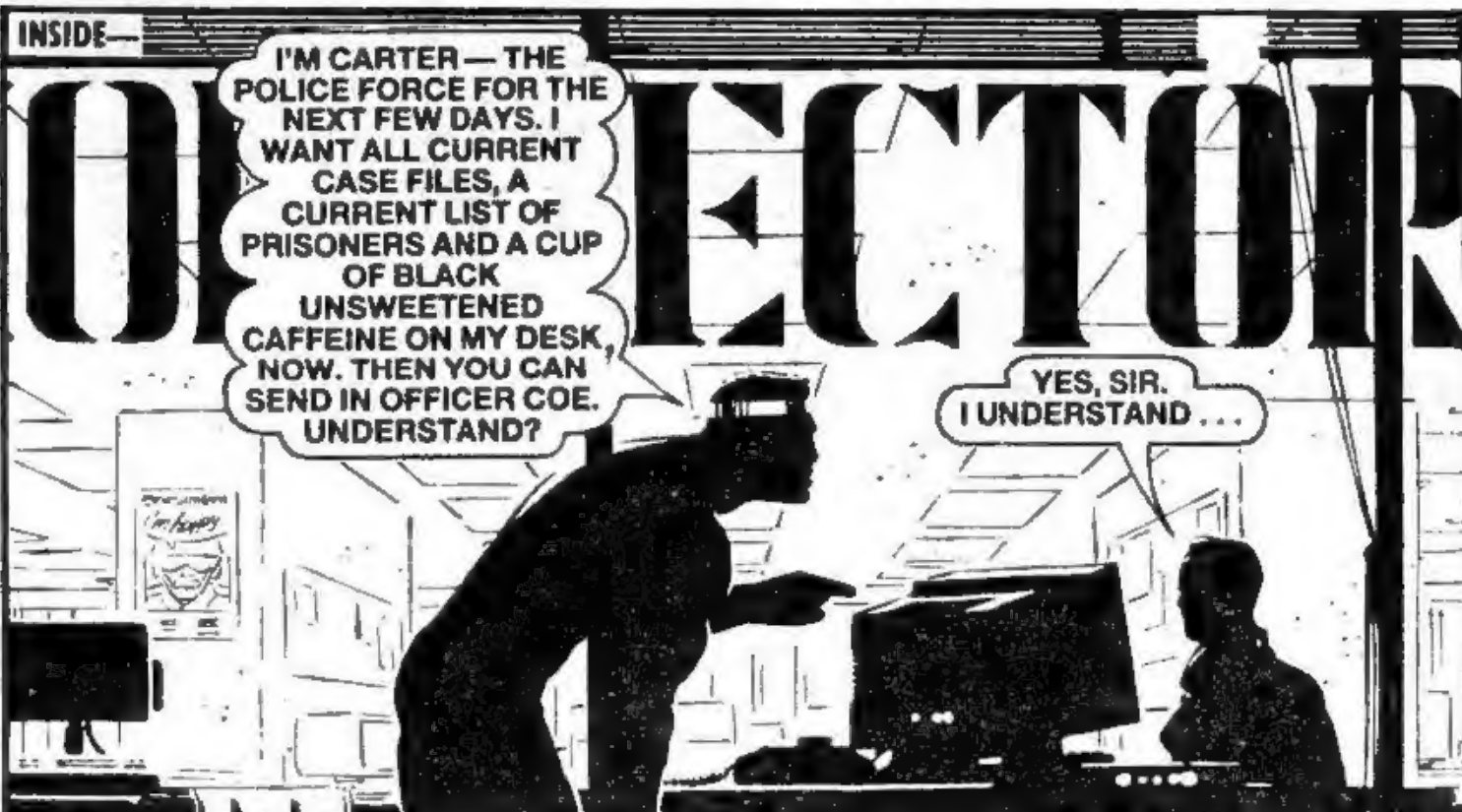
YOUR TAX-DISPLAYER'S
OUT OF DATE. I'M
IMPOUNDING THIS VEHICLE
TILL FURTHER NOTICE!



BUT ... HOW WILL I
GET HOME?? WAIT ...

CARTER HEADED FOR THE
COMMUNICATIONS CONTROL BLOCK.

INSIDE—



I'M CARTER — THE
POLICE FORCE FOR THE
NEXT FEW DAYS. I
WANT ALL CURRENT
CASE FILES, A
CURRENT LIST OF
PRISONERS AND A CUP
OF BLACK
UNSWEETENED
CAFFEINE ON MY DESK,
NOW. THEN YOU CAN
SEND IN OFFICER COE.
UNDERSTAND?

YES, SIR.
I UNDERSTAND ...

OBJECTOR



I AM OFFICER
COE, SIR.

WHAT? OH — GREAT! MY
ONLY ASSISTANCE IN
POLICING THIS RAT HOLE IS
NOT ONLY A ROOKIE, BUT A
FEMALE!

ALL I CAN HOPE IS THAT
THINGS STAY QUIET
AROUND HERE FOR THE
NEXT FEW DAYS!

HARD LUCK, SIR — WE'VE
GOT A CALL OUT! A
PROSPECTOR CALLED ZYNT
IN THE CANTRELL SECTOR
WANTS US TO REGISTER A
DISCOVERY OF ... ER ...
DILONIUM ...

CARTER HEADED BACK FOR THE VEHICLE BAY—

DILONIUM'S WHAT
ALL THE BIG MECH-
CORPS NEED TO FUEL
THE NEXT
GENERATION OF
GRAVITY-MOTORS,
BUT IT'S ONLY EVER
BEEN FOUND AS A
TRACE ELEMENT. IF
ZYNT PROSPECTS IT
IN SUFFICIENT
QUANTITIES HE'S
ONTO MILLIONS!
BETTER IMPOSE AN
INFO-BLACKOUT ON
THE NEWS ...

SEE
VEHICLE
BAY

THAT MAY BE RATHER
DIFFICULT, OFFICER CARTER ...
THERE WAS A NEWSVID CREW
AT HIS PLACE WHEN THE CALL
CAME IN!

CARTER RACED OUTSIDE—

QUICKLY, COE — IF WE CAN'T
REACH THE BROADCASTING
CENTRE BEFORE THAT
NEWSVID'S TRANSMITTED, THIS
PLANET WILL BE CRAWLING WITH
GREEDY SLIMEBALLS ALL AFTER
ZYNT! OR MAYBE YOU'D RATHER
STAY AND FILE YOUR NAILS OR
SOMETHING!

BEING FEMALE MAKES NO
DIFFERENCE TO MY
PERFORMANCE AS A LAW
ENFORCER!



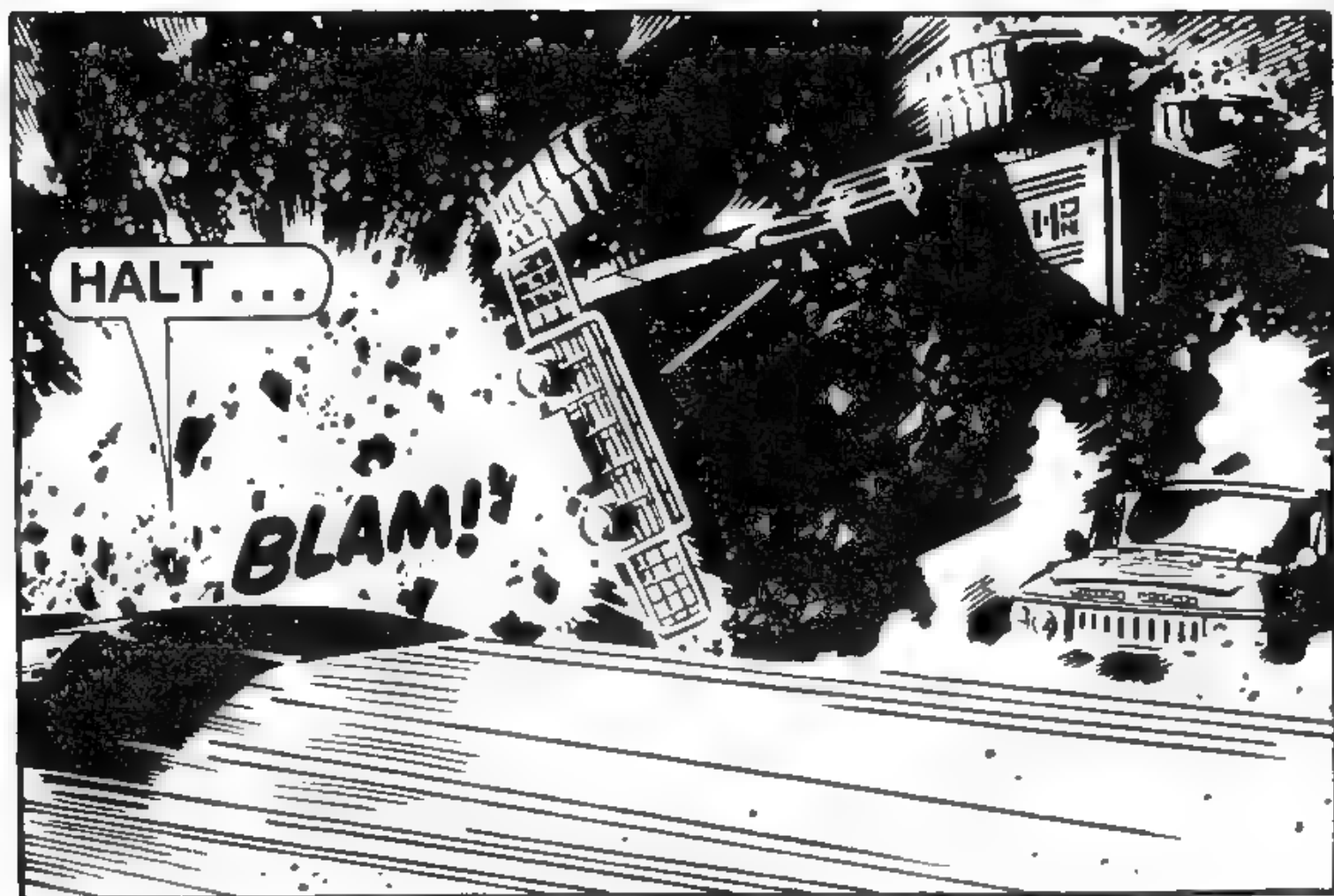
THE BROADCASTING CENTRE WAS
HALFWAY ACROSS THE PLANET — AND
CARTER PLANNED TO TAKE THE SHORTEST
ROUTE POSSIBLE—

ER ... WELL, THIS BEARING
IS THE QUICKEST WAY ...
BUT IT MEANS YOU'LL HAVE
TO CROSS THE ZANKRAL
HYPER-ROUTE!

S07







CARTER CLEARED A WAY THROUGH
THE REST OF THE TRAFFIC . . .

AS SOON AS WE SETTLE
THE NEWSVID BUSINESS,
I'M CLOSING THIS LITTLE
JAUNT DOWN! BY THE
WAY . . .

WHAT?



IN ANOTHER HOUR, THEY HAD REACHED
THE BROADCASTING CENTRE —

COME ON, COE! THE
NEWS IS BEING
TRANSMITTED NOW!

I KNOW... IN FACT, IT'S
ALMOST FINISHED BY
NOW... I'VE GOT A
HORRIBLE FEELING WE'RE
GOING TO BE TOO LATE!

THEY WERE —

... AND SAYS MR ZYNT, HIS
AMAZING DILONIUM DISCOVERY
WILL CHANGE THE FACE OF ALL
GRAVITY-MOTOR POWERED
TRANSPORT. THIS IS ALASTAIR
KRATCH, DRAGON'S REACH, ON
KANDRON!

OH, GREAT! THAT DUMB
HACK'S GIVEN
PRACTICALLY THE WHOLE
PLANET ZYNT'S ADDRESS!

EXCUSE ME! DO
I KNOW YOU?

NO! IF YOU DID, I COULD
HAVE CONTACTED YOU
OVER THE SEC-LINK AND
ORDERED YOU NOT TO USE
THAT TAPE...

CARTER'S OUR ACTING
LAW-CHIEF! HE WAS SENT
HERE IN A HURRY SO HE
DOESN'T HAVE THE
APPROPRIATE
AUTHORISATION TO
INTERFERE WITH
BROADCASTS...



CARTER SURVEYED THE
HYPERWAY NETWORK ON
HIS NAVUNIT.

I KNOW HOW TO
STOP THIS RACE!

STOP IT?!? BUT YOU
SAID WE HAD TO GET
TO ZYNT!

WE DO — BUT I CAN'T
LET CRIME GO
UNCHECKED.

YOU'RE ONLY DOING THIS
BECAUSE YOU KNOW I
DON'T LIKE IT!

NONSENSE, OFFICER COE!
THE FACT YOU DON'T LIKE IT
IS JUST AN ENJOYABLE
BONUS!

VERY FUNNY!



AND —



NOW LET'S HOPE WE
GET TO ZYNT BEFORE
RUFUS WINDACRE
DOES!

WHO?

CARTER SWITCHED ON
THE CRIMEPUTER —

WOW! THIS GUY'S WANTED
ON 734 DIFFERENT
PLANETS — WHY HASN'T HE
BEEN ARRESTED?



HE'S OUTSIDE THE LAW
— LIVES ON AN
ARTIFICIAL PLANET
JUST BEYOND THE
KNOWN UNIVERSE.
THERE'S NO WAY WE
CAN GET AT HIM!

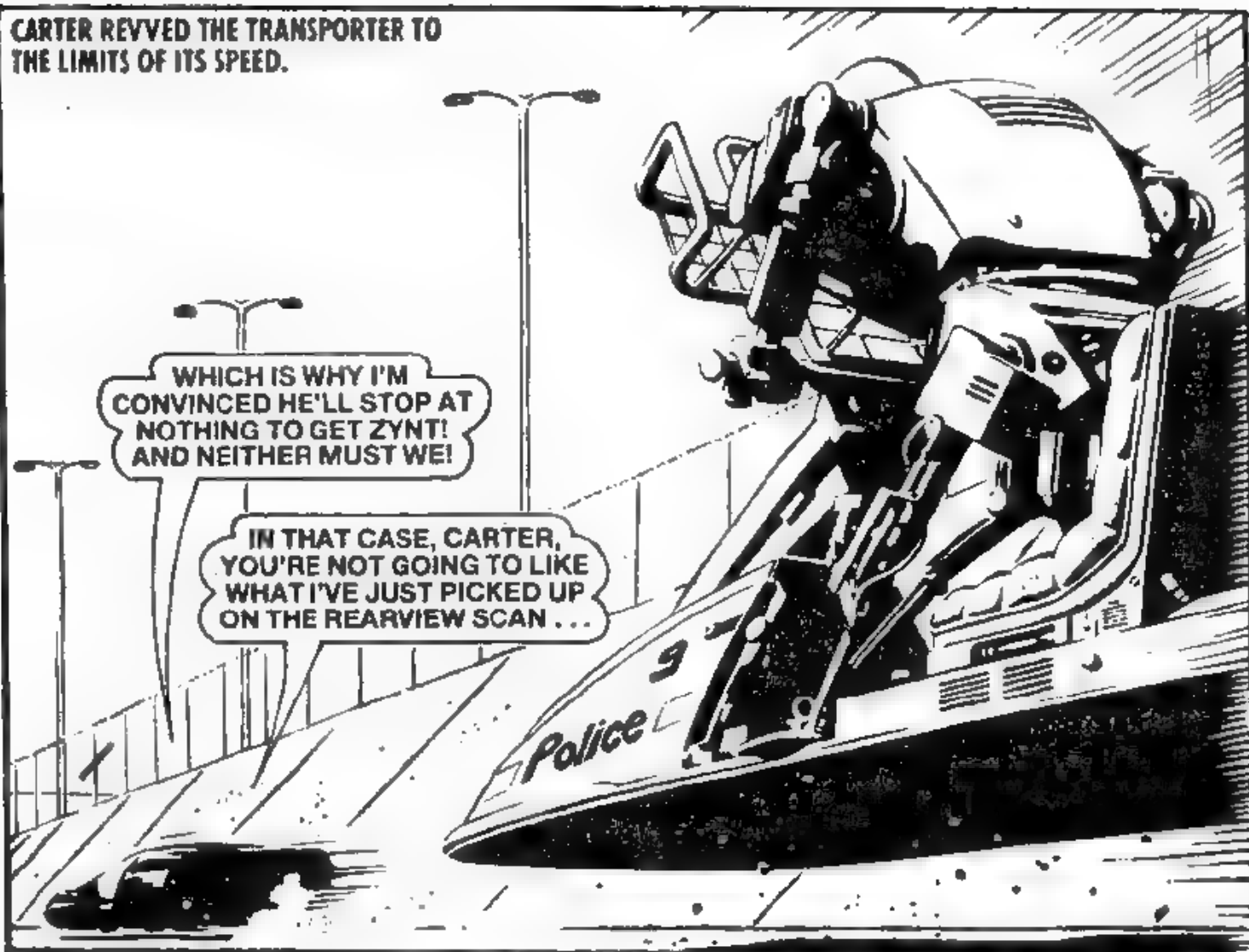
BUT WHY SHOULD HE WANT
TO GET AT ZYNT IN
PARTICULAR?

BECAUSE WINDACRE
TECHNOLOGIES HOLD
ALL THE EXISTING ANTI-
GRAV PATENTS — AND
ZYNT'S DILONIUM
COULD PRODUCE A
NEW MOTOR MAKING
THEM ALL OBSOLETE!
WINDACRE WOULD BE
WIPE OUT!

CARTER REVVED THE TRANSPORTER TO THE LIMITS OF ITS SPEED.

WHICH IS WHY I'M CONVINCED HE'LL STOP AT NOTHING TO GET ZYNT! AND NEITHER MUST WE!

IN THAT CASE, CARTER, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LIKE WHAT I'VE JUST PICKED UP ON THE REARVIEW SCAN...

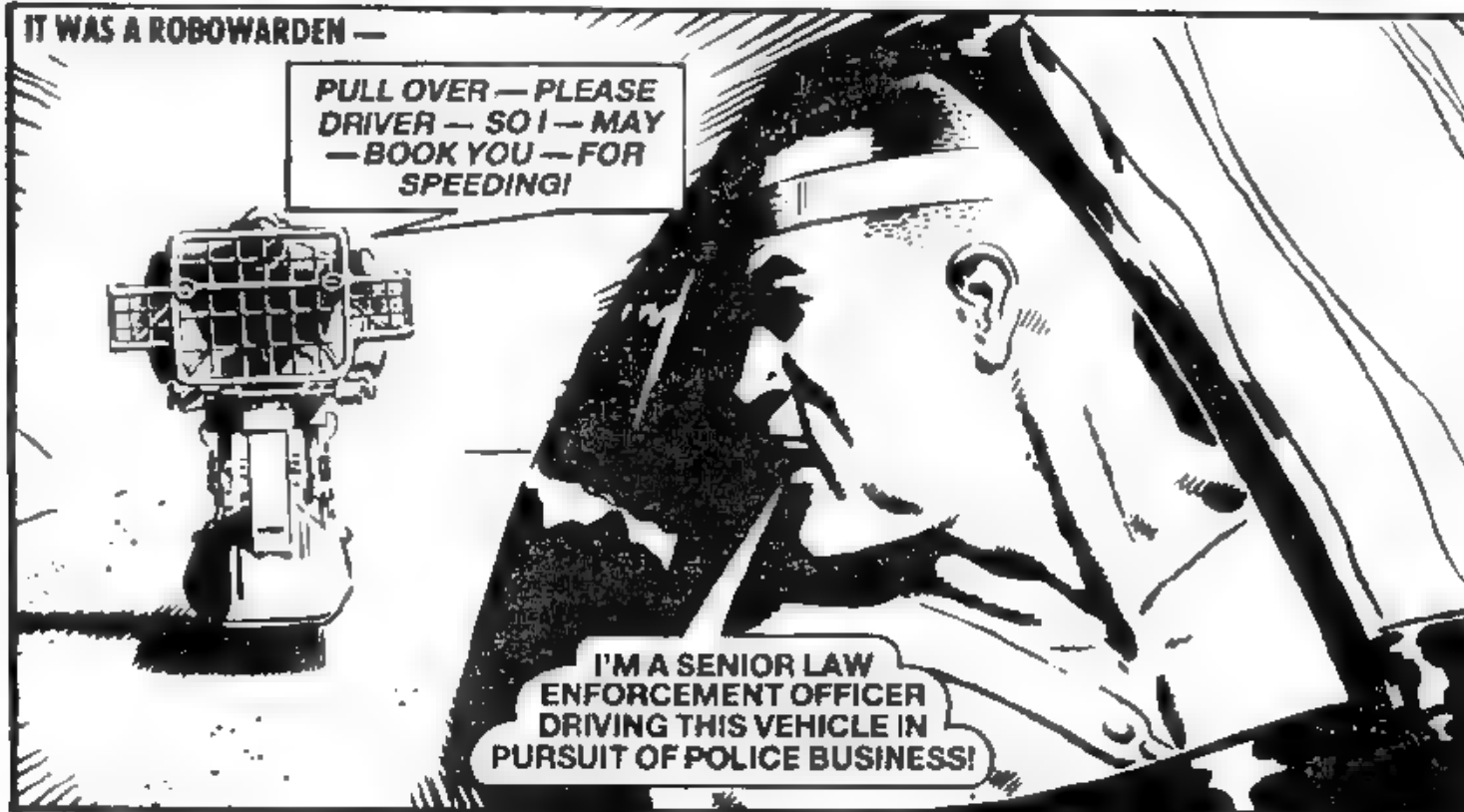


IT WAS A ROBOWARDEN —

PULL OVER — PLEASE DRIVER — SO I — MAY — BOOK YOU — FOR SPEEDING!

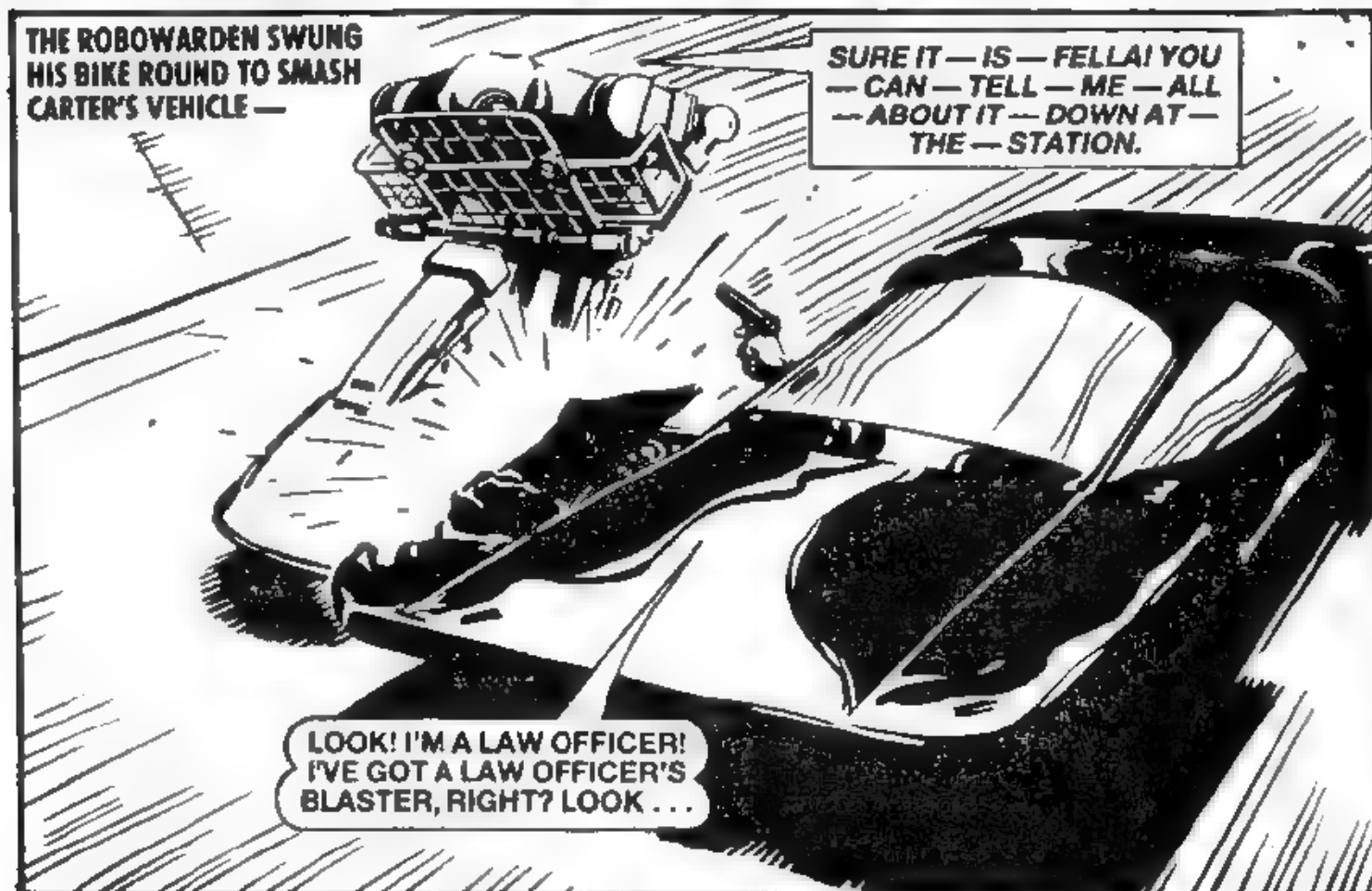


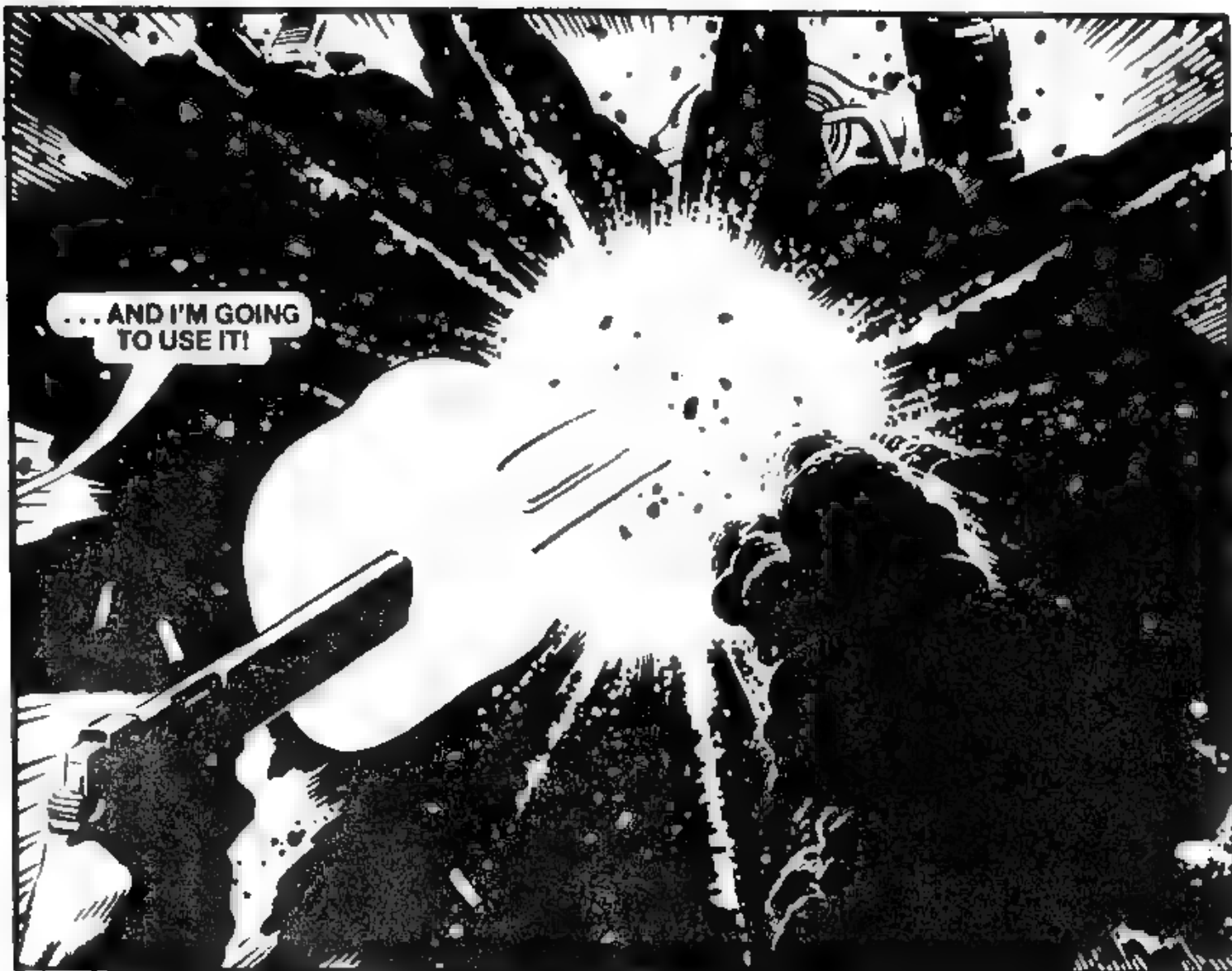
I'M A SENIOR LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICER DRIVING THIS VEHICLE IN PURSUIT OF POLICE BUSINESS!





THE ROBOWARDEN SWUNG
HIS BIKE ROUND TO SMASH
CARTER'S VEHICLE —





LATER, AT DRAGON'S REACH —



HERE WE ARE, AND IT LOOKS QUIET. IN FACT, IT LOOKS ...

DON'T SAY 'TOO QUIET' OR I SWEAR I'LL SHOOT YOU MYSELF!

DO YOU MIND IF I SAY 'STAY PUT TILL I'VE MADE SURE THE SITUATION'S SAFE'?



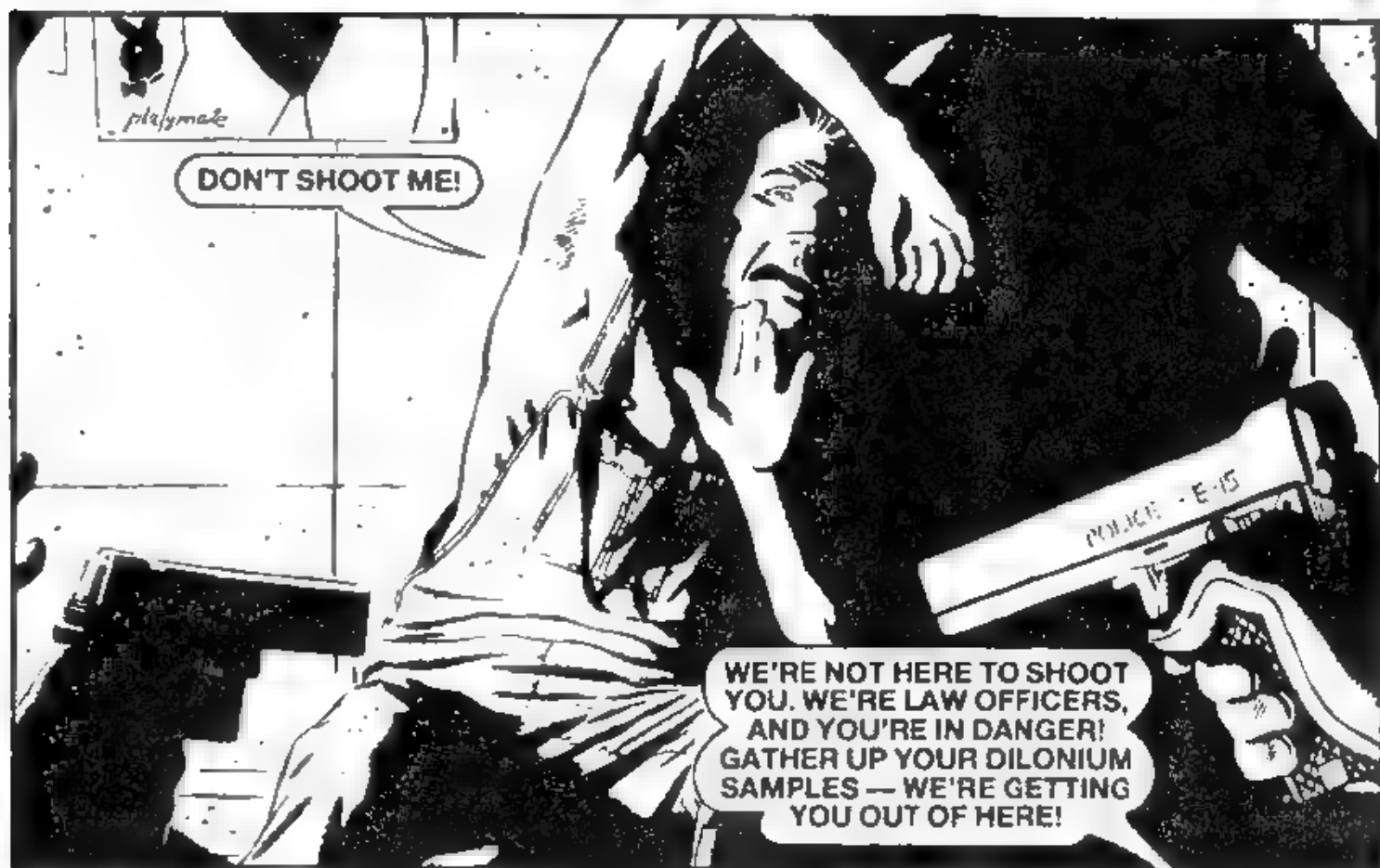
YES, YOU SEXIST PIG! TREAT ME LIKE A FELLOW OFFICER!

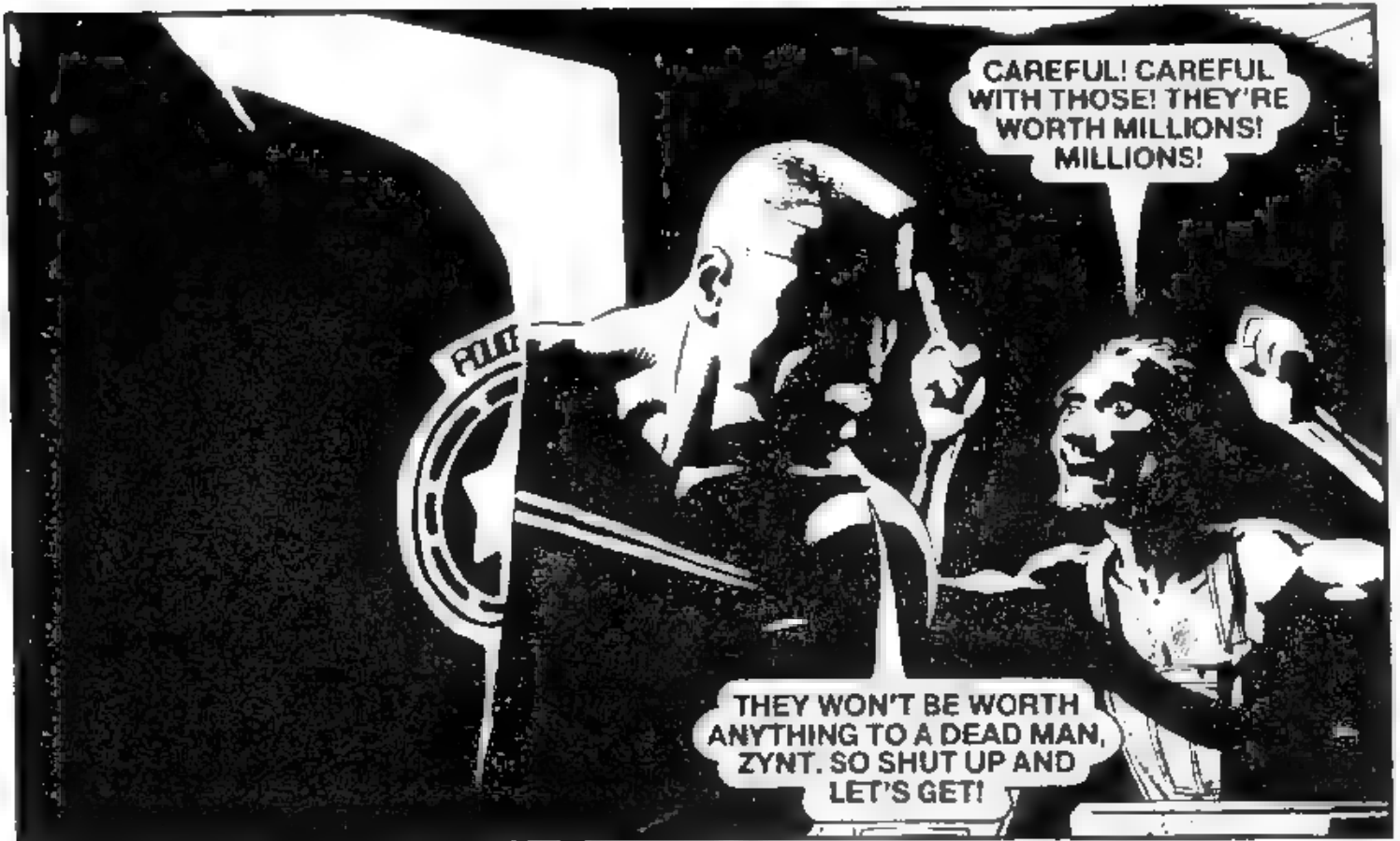
SILENTLY, THE PAIR MOVED TO THE HUT —

READY ... OFFICER?



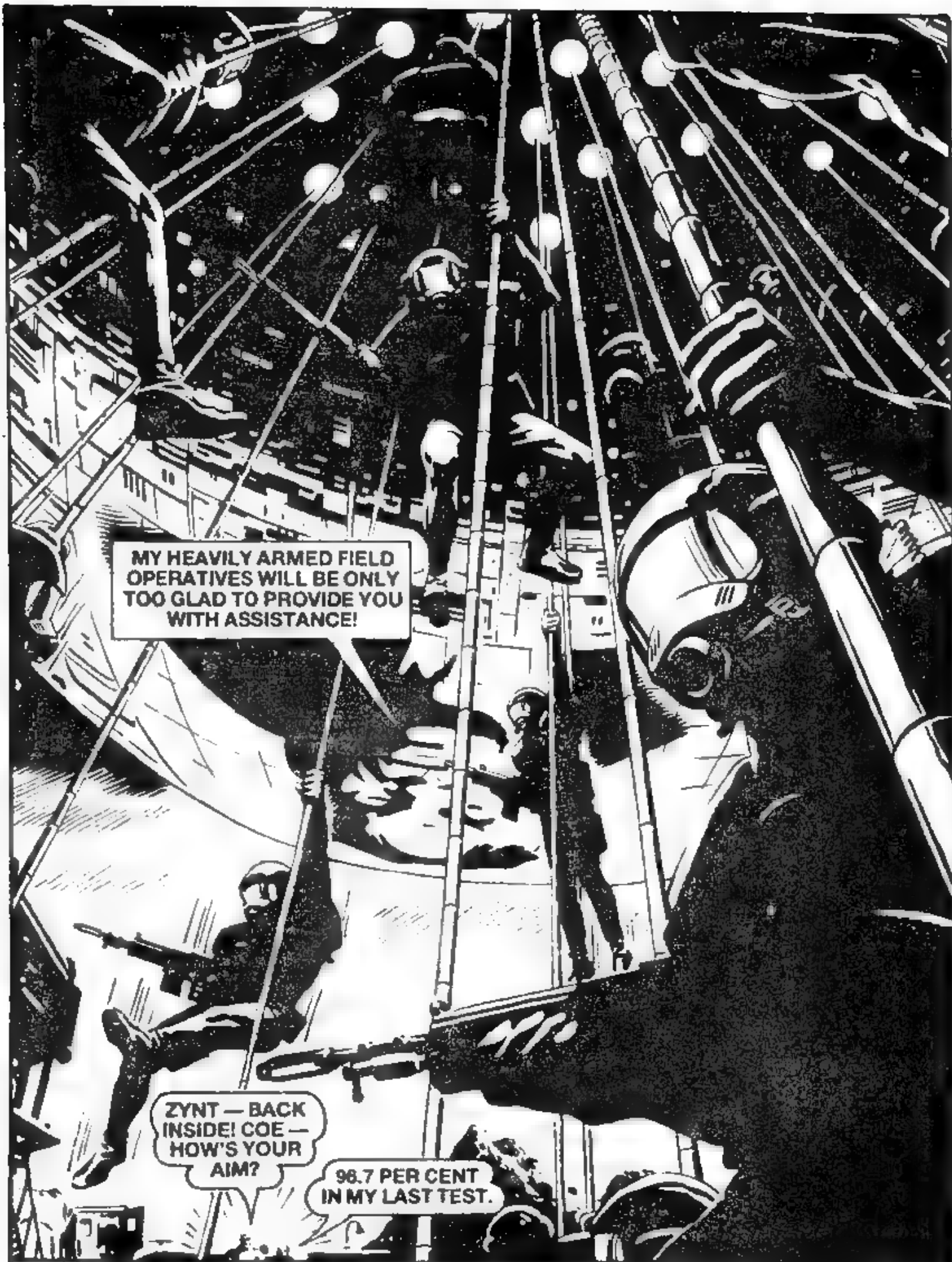
YES?





BUT RIGHT OUTSIDE THE FRONT DOOR STOOD A GIANT SATELLITE.





MY HEAVILY ARMED FIELD
OPERATIVES WILL BE ONLY
TOO GLAD TO PROVIDE YOU
WITH ASSISTANCE!

ZYNT — BACK
INSIDE! COE —
HOW'S YOUR
AIM?

98.7 PER CENT
IN MY LAST TEST.



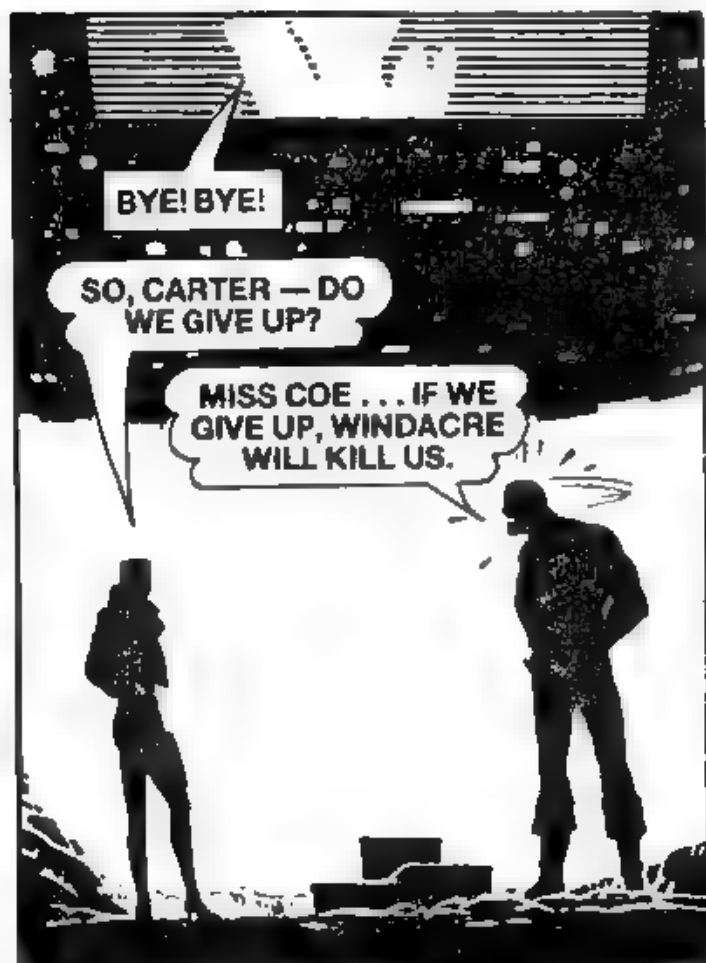
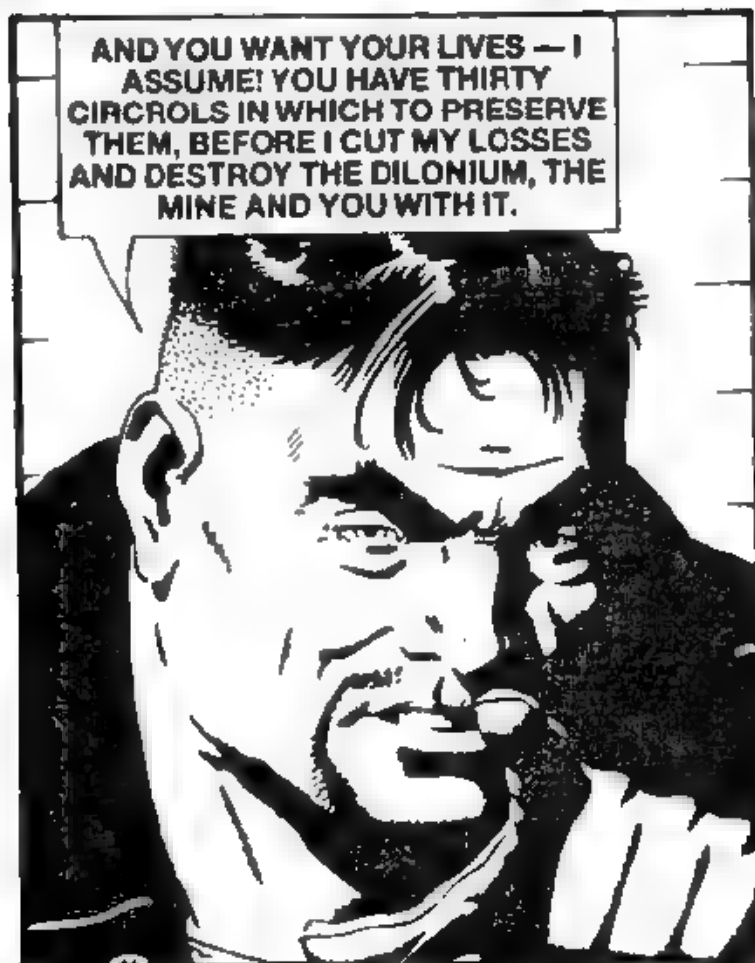
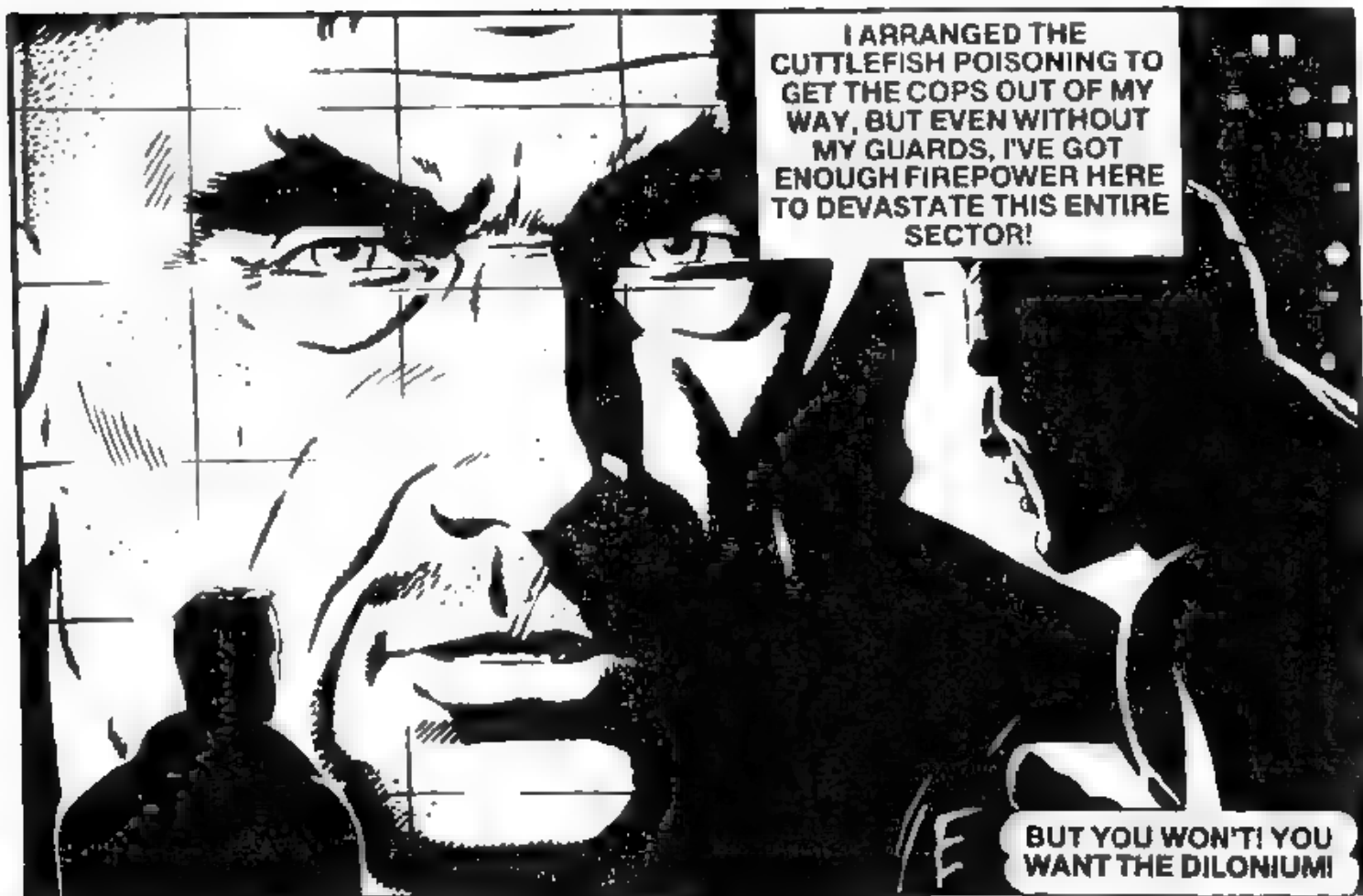
CARTER FIRED ONE SHORT BLAST —

ONE FUEL
TANK GONE!

WHUMP

CONSIDERING YOUR NATURAL
DISADVANTAGES, COE, YOU AREN'T
TOO MUCH OF A LIABILITY.

OOH, THANK YOU FOR THOSE KIND WORDS!



CARTER HEADED BACK FOR THE HUT —

I WAS ONLY
EXPLORING THE
OPTIONS! JUST
WHY DO YOU
LOATHE WOMEN SO
MUCH, ANYWAY?

BECAUSE I ALMOST
MARRIED ONE ONCE!



MARRIED?!?!?!?
YOU?!?!?

IT WAS CYCLES AGO —
BEFORE I WAS BIO-
ENGINEERED. LAURA AND I
VISITED STARRODS, TO BUY
THINGS FOR AFTER THE
WEDDING. WE WERE
CAUGHT UP IN A ROBBERY
IN THE ARMOURY
DEPARTMENT ...



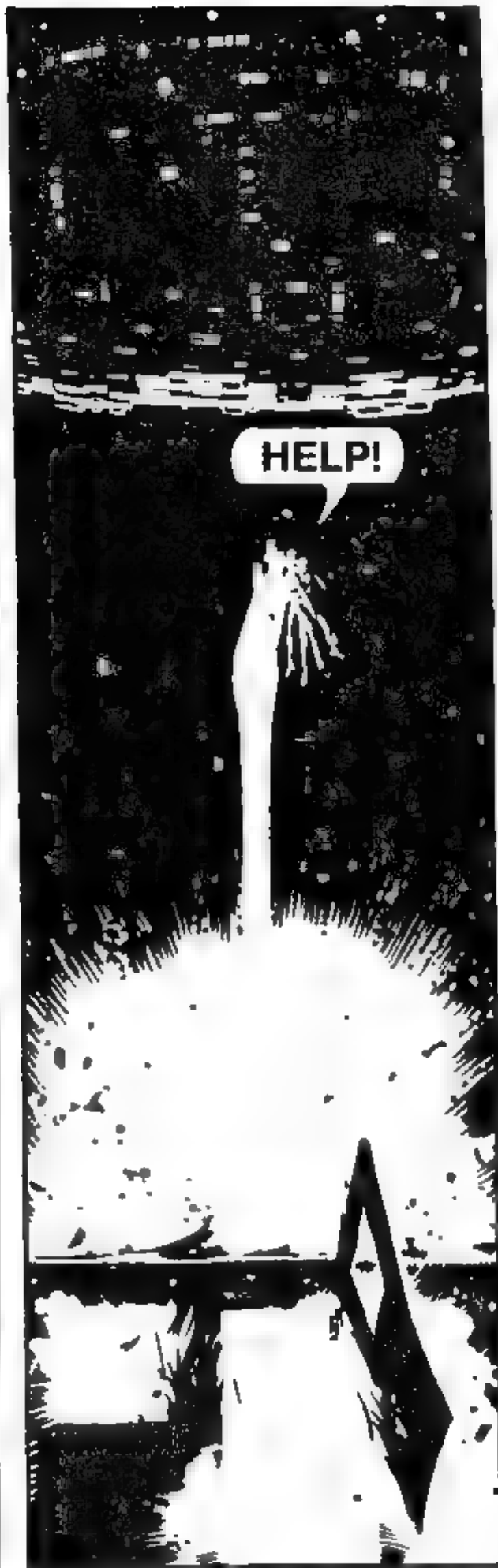
AND I S'POSE YOUR GAL
WAS KILLED, RIGHT?

NO — I WAS! I THREW LAURA A
BLASTER TO HELP ME GET THEM,
BUT SHE COULDN'T BRING
HERSELF TO USE IT! I TOOK A
HEADSHOT JUST AS I GOT THE LAST
OF THEM. I WAS BIO-ENGINEERED
BACK TO LIFE JUST IN TIME FOR
THE WEDDING TO BE CALLED OFF.
SHE SAID I WASN'T HUMAN.

I'M SORRY ...



CAN IT, TOOTS, AND
ASK YOUR PARTNER
WHAT IN ZYGMON'S RING
HE'S DOING WITH MY
DILONIUM TESTER!



THE ANTI-GRAVITY DISCHARGE
CATAPULTED THE TRIO INTO THE
VAST CONSTRUCTION...

WHEEEEEW!
THAT WAS FUN!

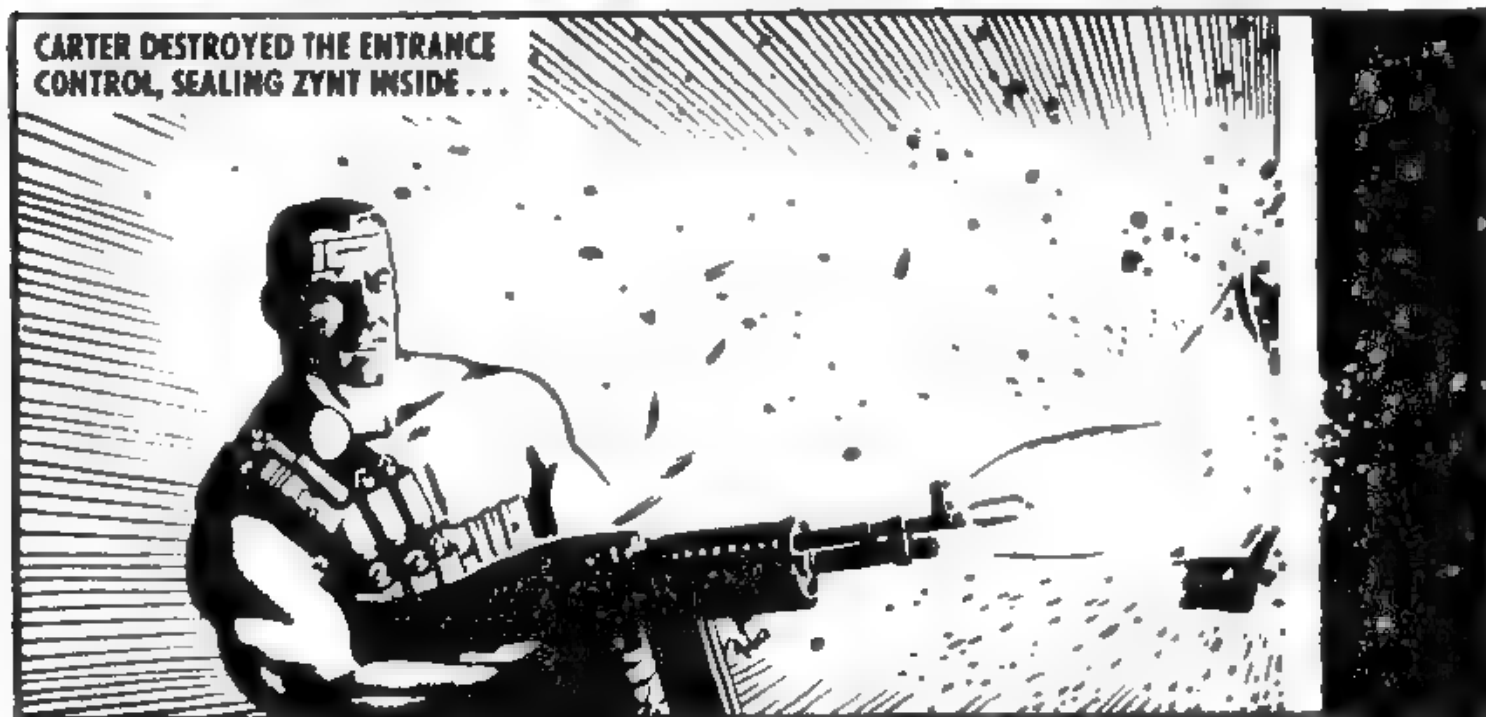
I THINK YOU
MAY'VE BEEN
OUT IN THE
DESERT TOO
LONG,
ZYNT...!

... BECAUSE LANDING ON MY
HEAD IN THE LAIR OF SOME
CORPORATE PSYCHOPATH
ISN'T MY IDEA OF A PARTY.

STOP WHINING, COE —
WE'RE HERE TO BRING
WINDACRE TO BOOK,
AND TO DO IT, WE NEED
HARDWARE...

LOTS OF HARDWARE!

EVEN WITH ALL THIS, HOW
CAN WE GET TO HIM? I WAS
NEVER TAUGHT A
PROCEDURE FOR TAKING AN
ENTIRE SATELLITE!



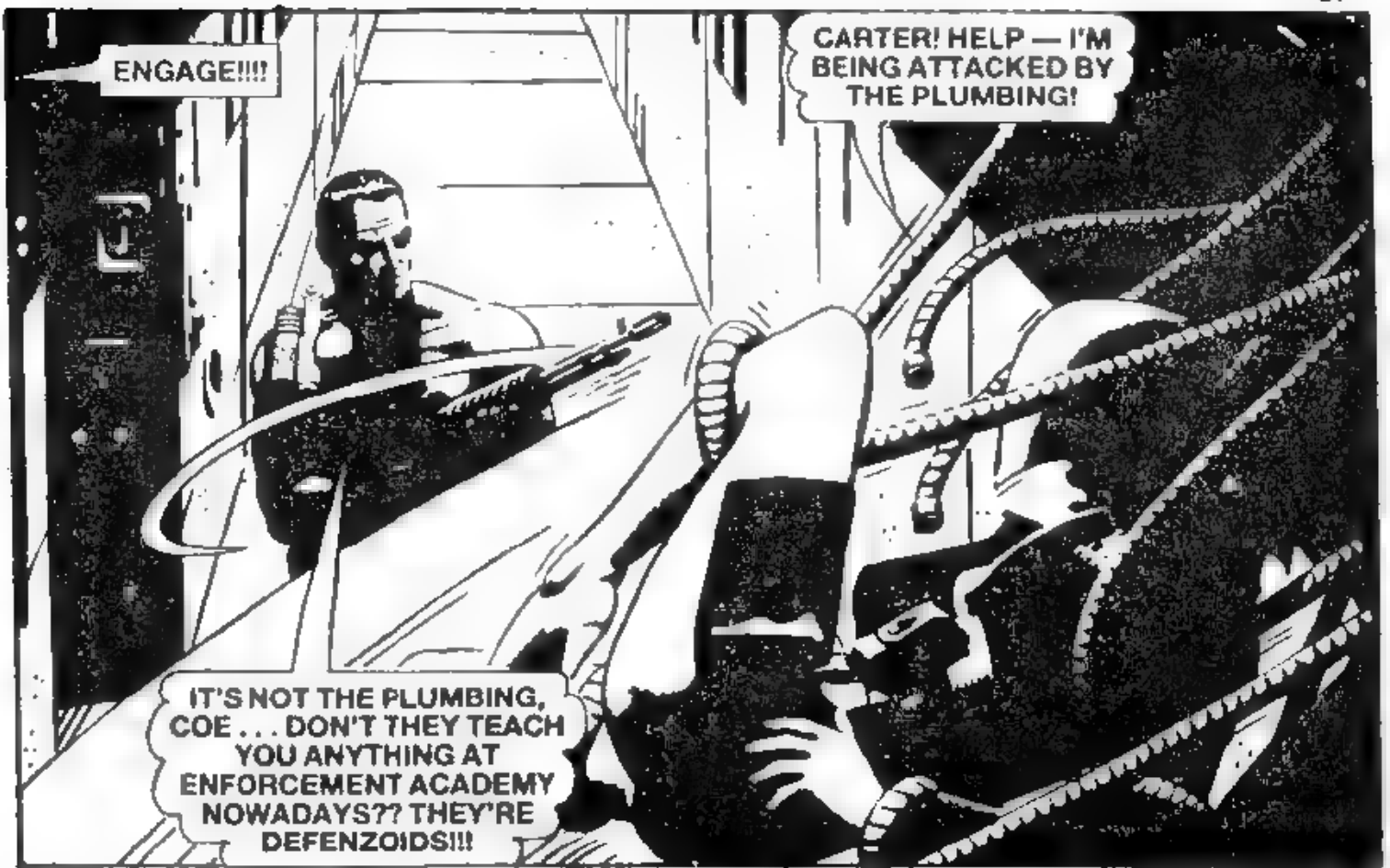
... THEN SET OFF INTO THE DEPTHS OF
THE SATELLITE —

WILL ZYNT BE SAFE LOCKED
IN THE PERSONNEL BAY?

NONE OF US ARE SAFE ...
NOT TILL WE'VE DEALT WITH
WINDACRE ...

BUT I'VE A FEELING
HE'S A GOOD DEAL
SAFER THAN WE ARE!

... INTERLOPERS IN SCANNER
RANGE ... SCANNER RANGE ...
ARMING WEAPONS
SYSTEMS ... PREPARE TO
ENGAGE ...



DEFENZOIDS WERE HYPER-DEADLY SECURITY ANDROIDS BUILT TO LOOK LIKE APPARENTLY INNOCENT OBJECTS —





THE HAND RETREATED INTO THE WALL —

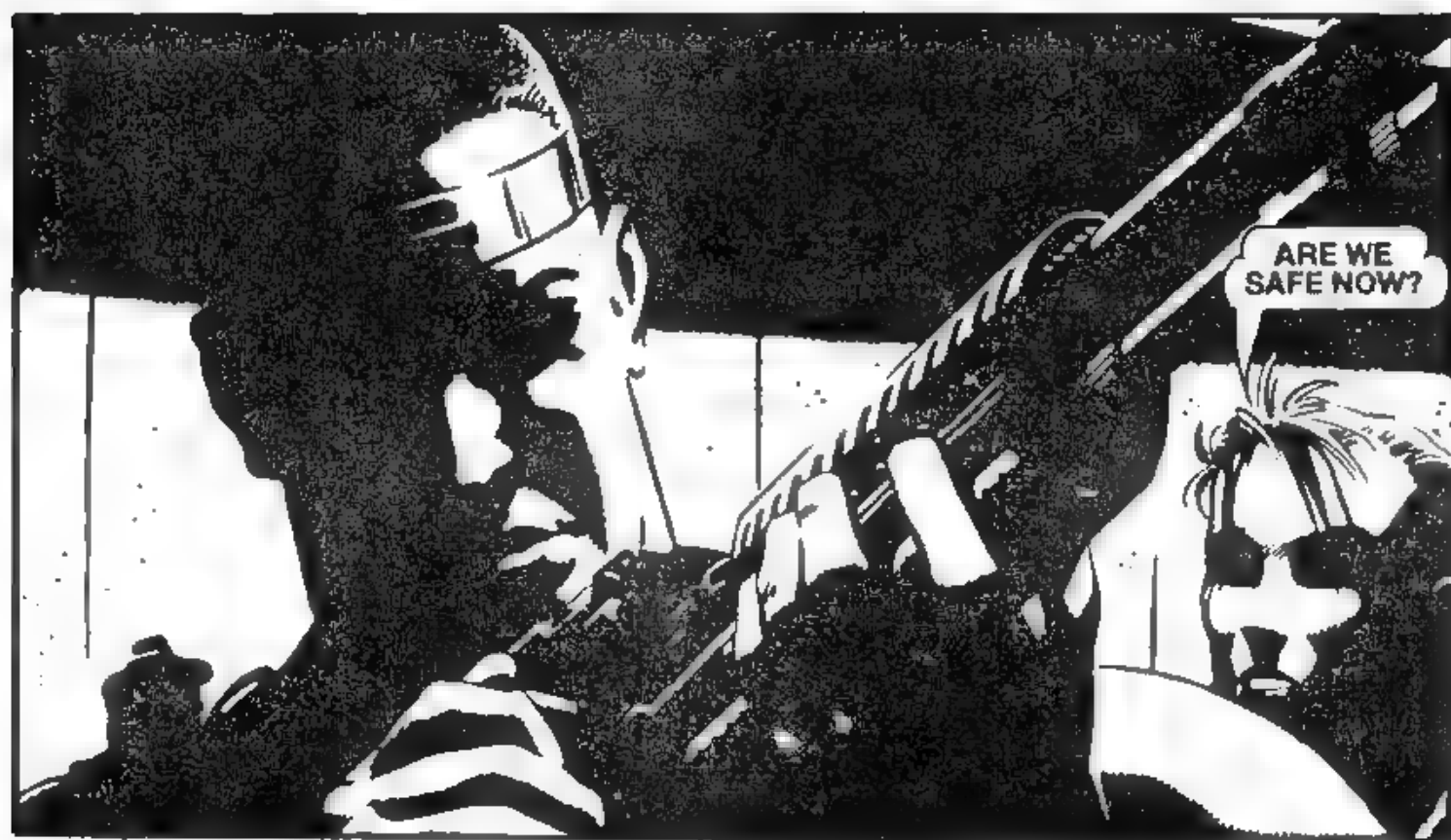
CARTER!!!
CARTER!!!

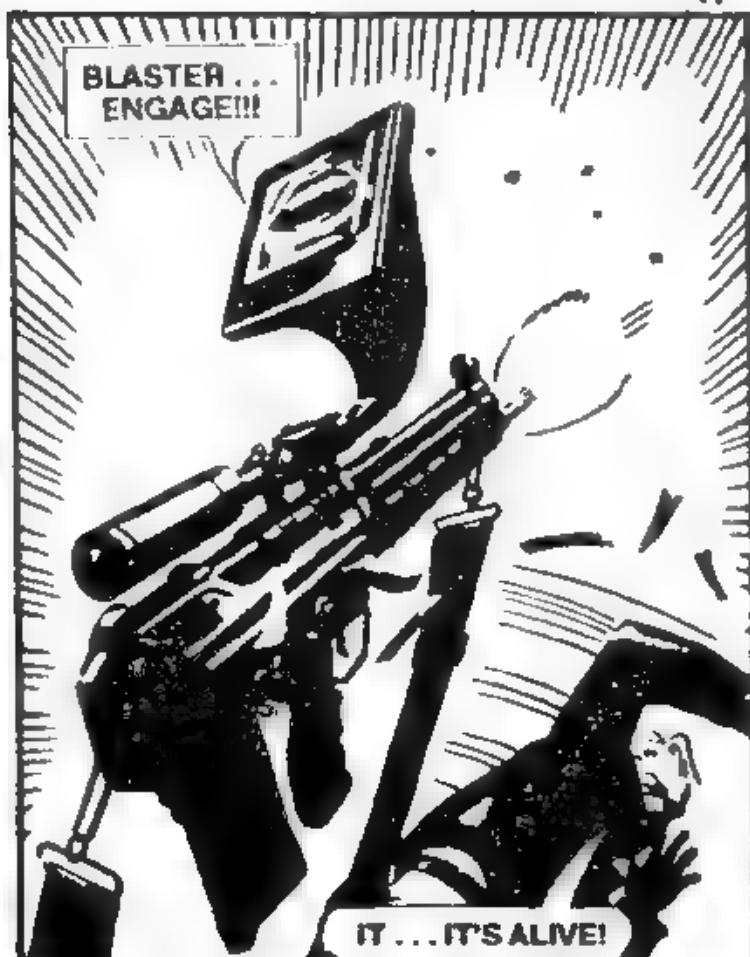
SHUT UP, COE ...

C-CARTER? ARE YOU
THERE? ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT?

COE ... THERE'S A BIG
ROBOT IN HERE TRYING TO
CRUSH ME TO DEATH ... OF
COURSE I'M NOT ALL
RIGHT! JUST STAND CLEAR.







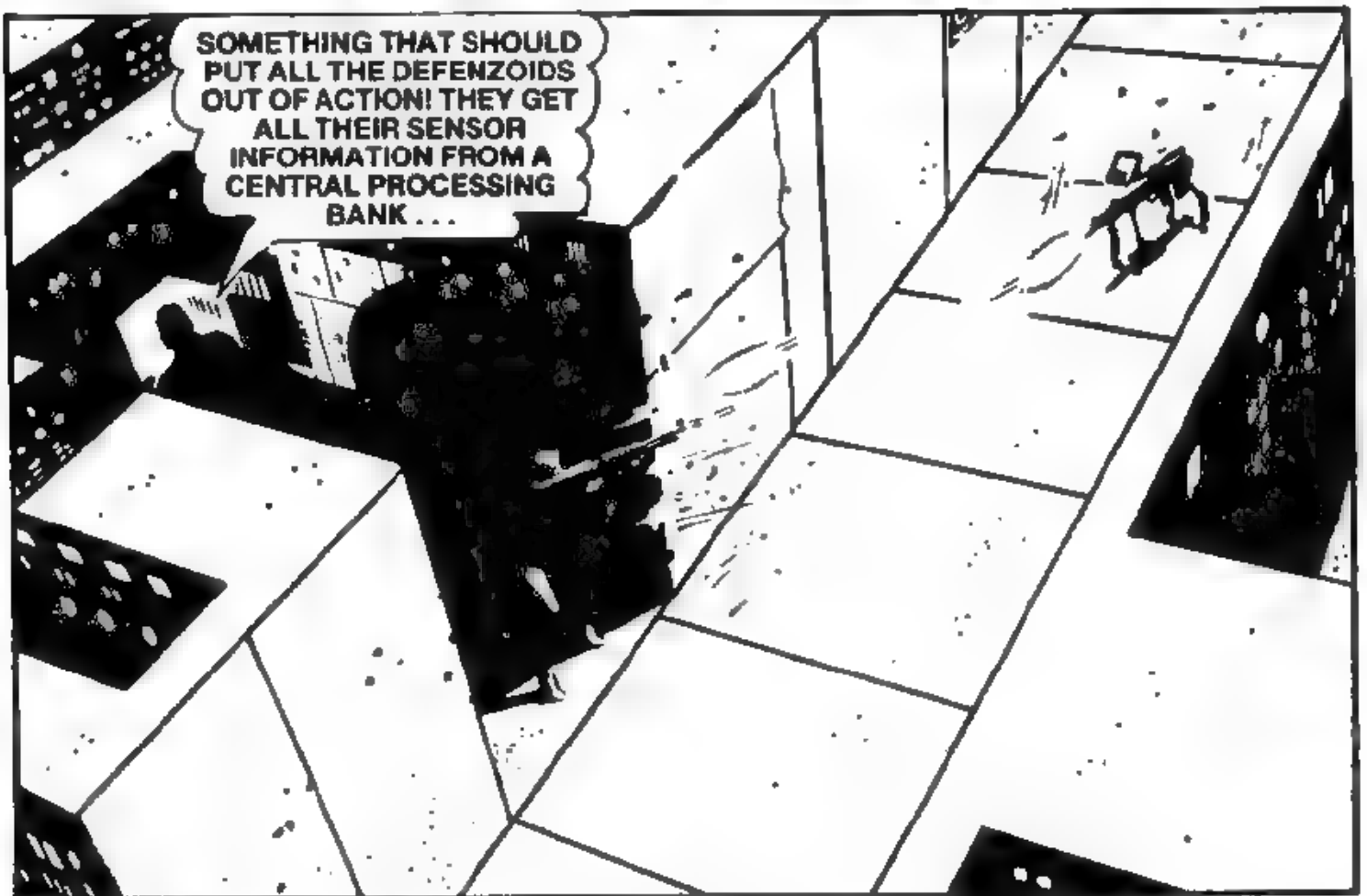
OUT OF SIGHT OF THE DEFENZOID—

THANK TRYLOS WE
GOT AWAY FROM THAT!

GOT AWAY? TAKE A LOOK
ROUND THE CORNER!

... KILL PROGRAMME
... ENGAGED.

I-IT'S GOT LEGS!
WHAT DO WE DO?









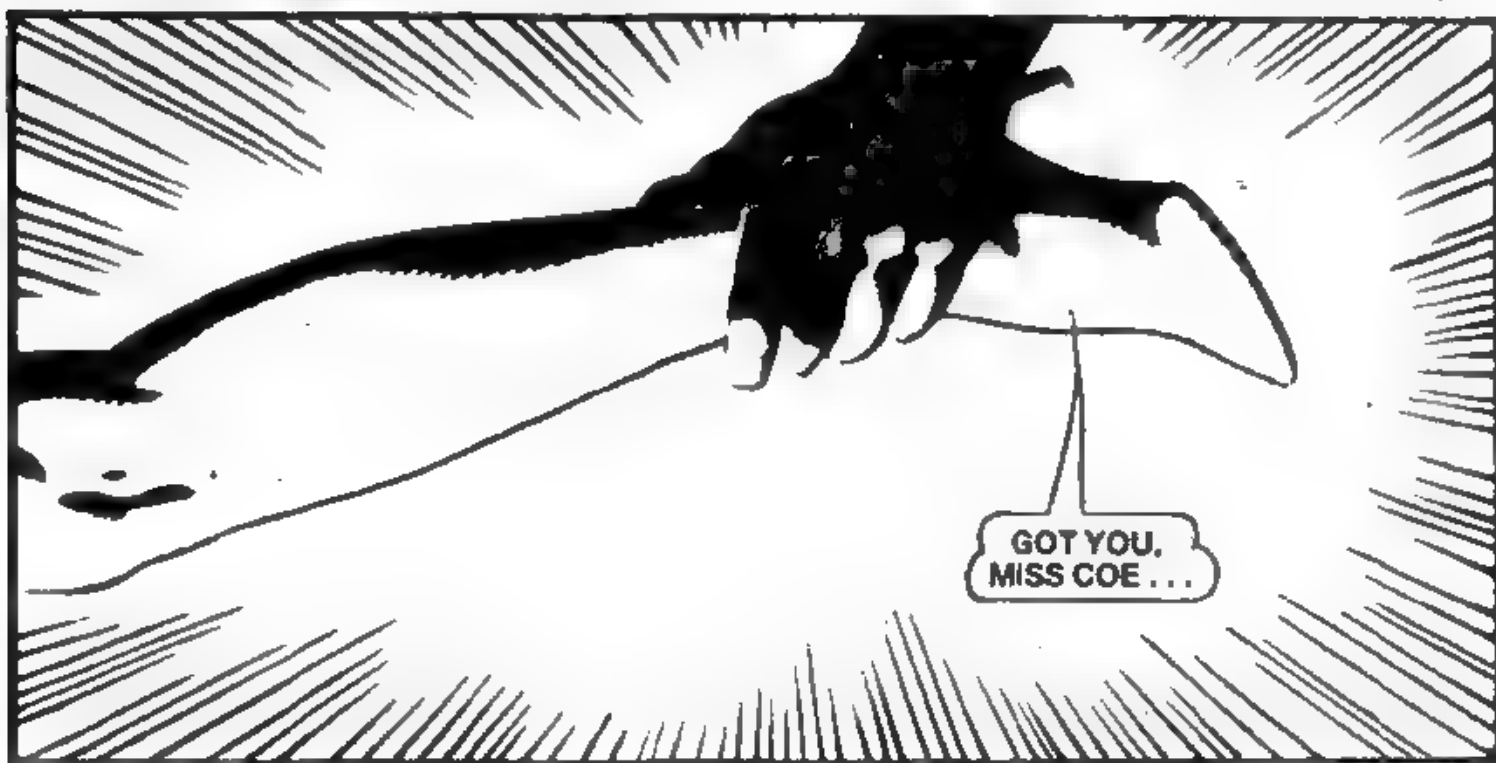
SAFE? YES, OFFICER —
YOU'RE ABOUT AS SAFE AS
A GLASS ESCAPE POD IN A
METEOR STORM!

THAT'S WINDACRE!
COME ON, CARTER!



WH... NO
FLOOOOOOOOR...









THE TAUNTING GLOBE
CAME TOO CLOSE

I GON'T LIKE GALKING WITH
MY MOUTH FULL!

WHAT ARE Y-BZZT-BZZ...
DOING? KKKKTTTTT!

W-W-WZZZZZT... ARE Y-ZZZZZT —

THINGS ARE LOOKING UP, COE —
ESPECIALLY FOR YOU!
WE HAVE OBVIOUSLY
DISABLED WINDACRE'S ENTIRE
PRIMARY DEFENCE SYSTEM, IF
ALL HE CAN THROW AT US NOW IS
A FLYING SPEAKER!



CARTER RETURNED TO THE CORRIDOR—

AND THE QUICKER
THE BETTER!

MAINTENANCE

THEN WHY ARE YOU
BREAKING INTO THAT
MAINTENANCE LOCKER?
WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED
TO DO — REPAIR HIM TO
DEATH?

NO — WE'RE GOING TO
CLEAN UP THIS
SATELLITE!

SCRUBIKES


YOU MEAN WE'RE
GOING TO PURSUE A
HEAVILY ARMED KILLER
ON A PAIR OF FLYING
MOPS?

CARTER IGNITED HIS ANTI-GRAV MOTOR—



BUT AS THEY APPROACHED THE POD—





FOLLOW ME, COE! DON'T VARY
YOUR COURSE SO MUCH AS ONE
MICRON!

VERY CLEVER, CARTER! BUT THIS
POD IS FORTIFIED TO WITHSTAND
A DIRECT HIT FROM A METEOR —
NO SCUM-SUCKING LAW
ENFORCER IS GOING TO BREACH
IT!



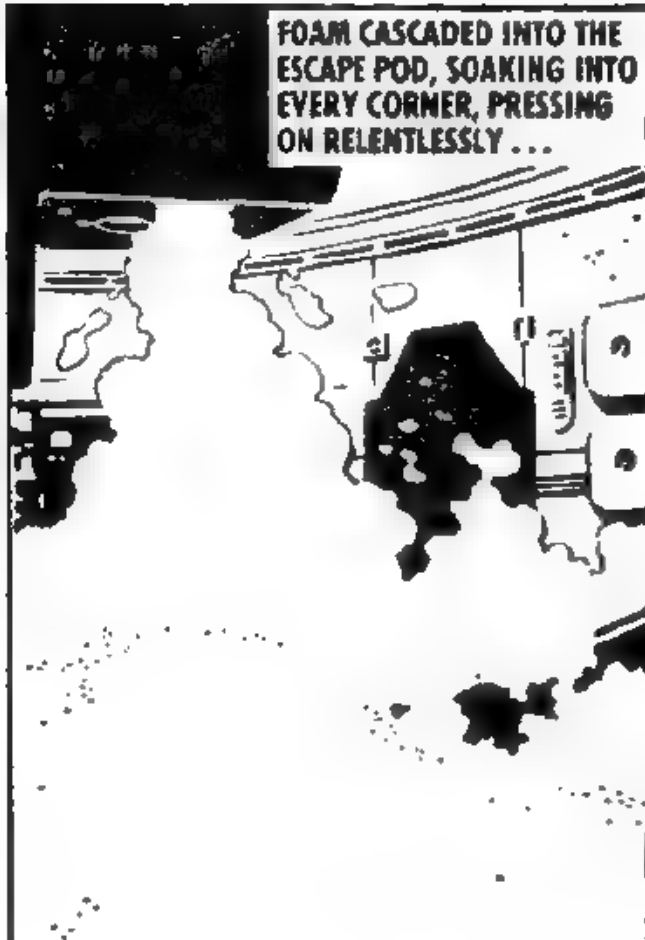
SHAME ON YOU,
WINDACRE!

YEAH — WASH YOUR
MOUTH OUT ... WITH SOAP!

PRESSURE
CONTROL
VALVE

ATMOS
VALVE

DETERGENT
H₂O



FOAM CASCADED INTO THE
ESCAPE POD, SOAKING INTO
EVERY CORNER, PRESSING
ON RELENTLESSLY ...

UNTIL

SYSTEMS MISFUNCTION — ALL
MOTIVE UNITS SHUTTING DOWN
TILL FOREIGN SUBSTANCE CAN BE
EXPULSED ...

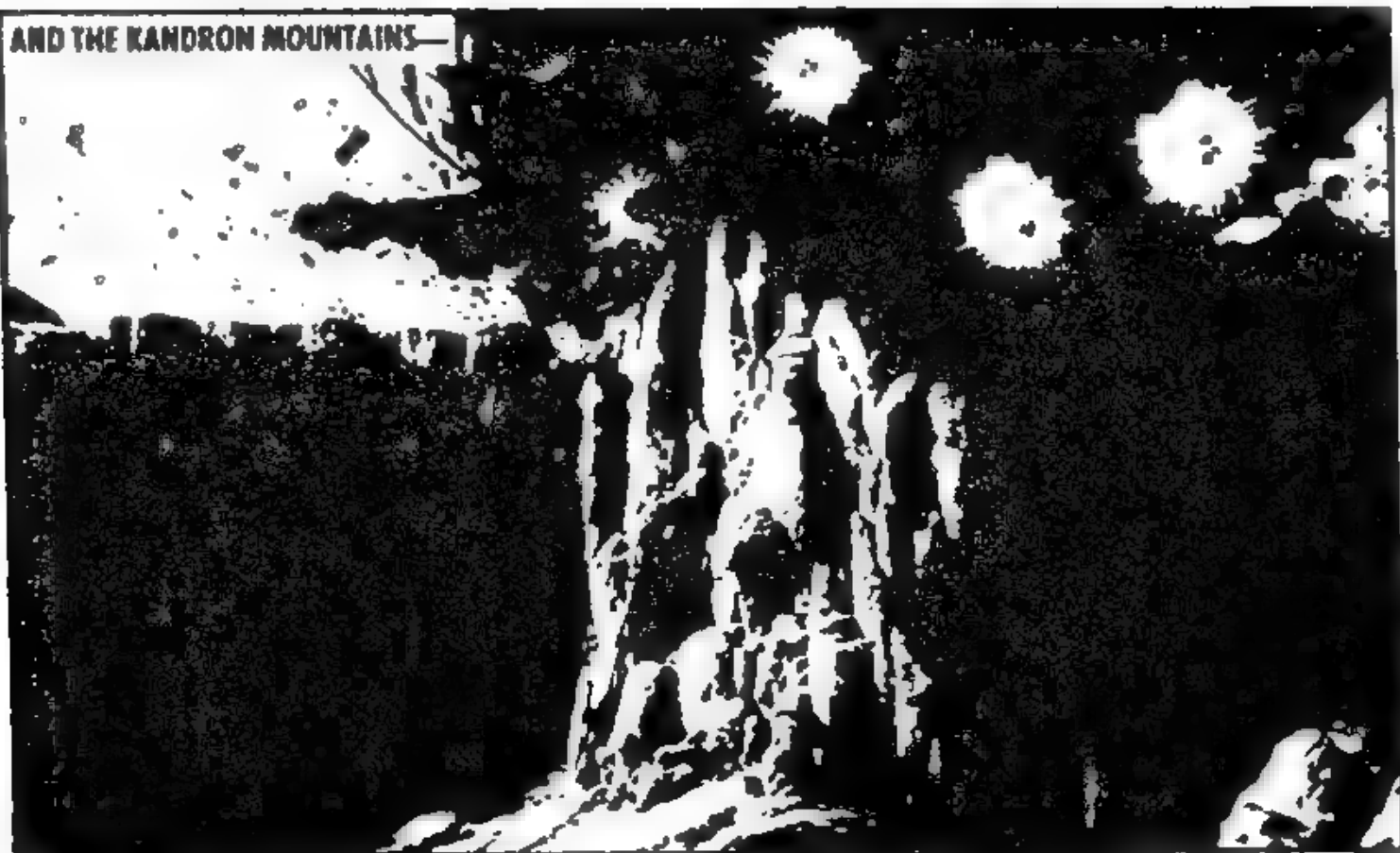
NO! NO! I BUILT YOU!
STAY ON LINE! STAY ON
LINE!

AT LEAST LET ME EJECT
THE POD! THERE MUST BE
ENOUGH POWER LEFT FOR
THAT!

NEGATIVE. POWER — ZERO.
ORBIT — DECAYING. THIS
VESSEL IS NOW WITHIN THE
GRAVITATIONAL FIELD OF
KANDRON-B.

AS THE DEAD SATELLITE FELL TOWARDS
KANDRON, IT CROSSED THE CITIES

AND THE KANDRON MOUNTAINS—

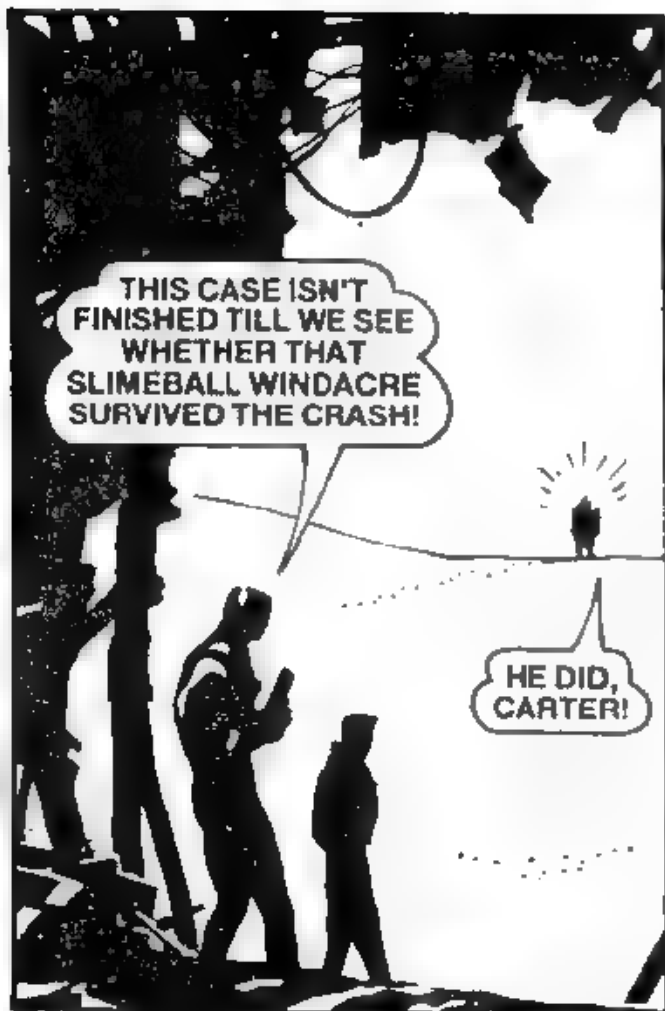


BEFORE FINALLY COMING TO REST IN
THE BARREN NO-MAN'S LAND
BEYOND—

YOU ALL RIGHT, COE?

WELL ... ALL MY LIMBS ARE
STILL ATTACHED, SO I SUPPOSE
I'M DOING PRETTY GOOD
CONSIDERING WHO I'M
PARTNERING!





BUT WINDACRE WAS NOT STAYING TO FIGHT!



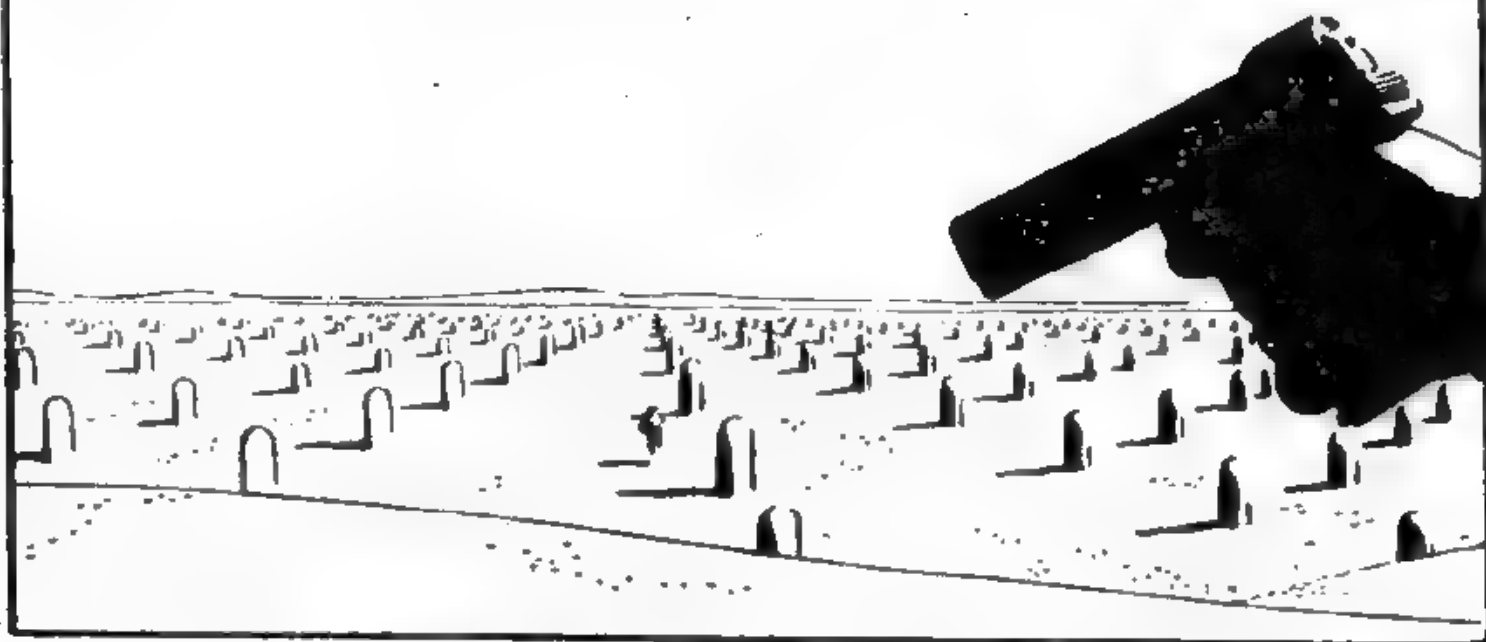
**NOT FOR ME
HE ISN'T!**



NO, CARTER! WAIT!

CARTER SPED TO THE CREST OF THE RIDGE—

ALL RIGHT,
LAW-BREAKER...



entertainment
decision
laser
attack learning

YOU'VE JUST STEPPED INTO A TRAINING RANGE. WINDACRE'S WEARING ARMOUR — HE CAN SURVIVE THESE LASERS. WE CAN'T — UNLESS I CAN NEUTRALISE THE BATTLE SIMULATION PROGRAMME!

WHAT? BUT WHEN I WAS A CADET THE TRAINING RANGE WAS JUST A SPECIALLY BUILT STREET WITH A COUPLE OF TEACHING OFFICERS PRETENDING TO BE BANK ROBBERS!

CARTER STARTED RUNNING—

CARTER! YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT ON YOUR OWN!

YEAH? WELL I'VE GOT MY OWN WAY OF NEUTRALIZING THINGS, COE! SEE YOU LATER—

CARTER PICKED OFF EACH OF THE LAS-PILLARS IN HIS PATH WITH INCREDIBLE ACCURACY, AND SLOWLY BEGAN TO GAIN ON WINDACRE—

WINDACRE! I'M WITHIN KILLING DISTANCE! THIS IS THE ONLY CHANCE YOU GET TO GIVE UP!

GIVE UP?



I HARDLY THINK THAT'S LIKELY, CARTER, WHEN I HAVE ENOUGH POWER IN THIS ARMOUR TO CIRCLE THE WHOLE PLANET!

YOU'VE HAD YOUR WARNING...



NOW YOU TAKE THE
CONSE ... WHAT? IT'S
NOT FUNCTIONING!

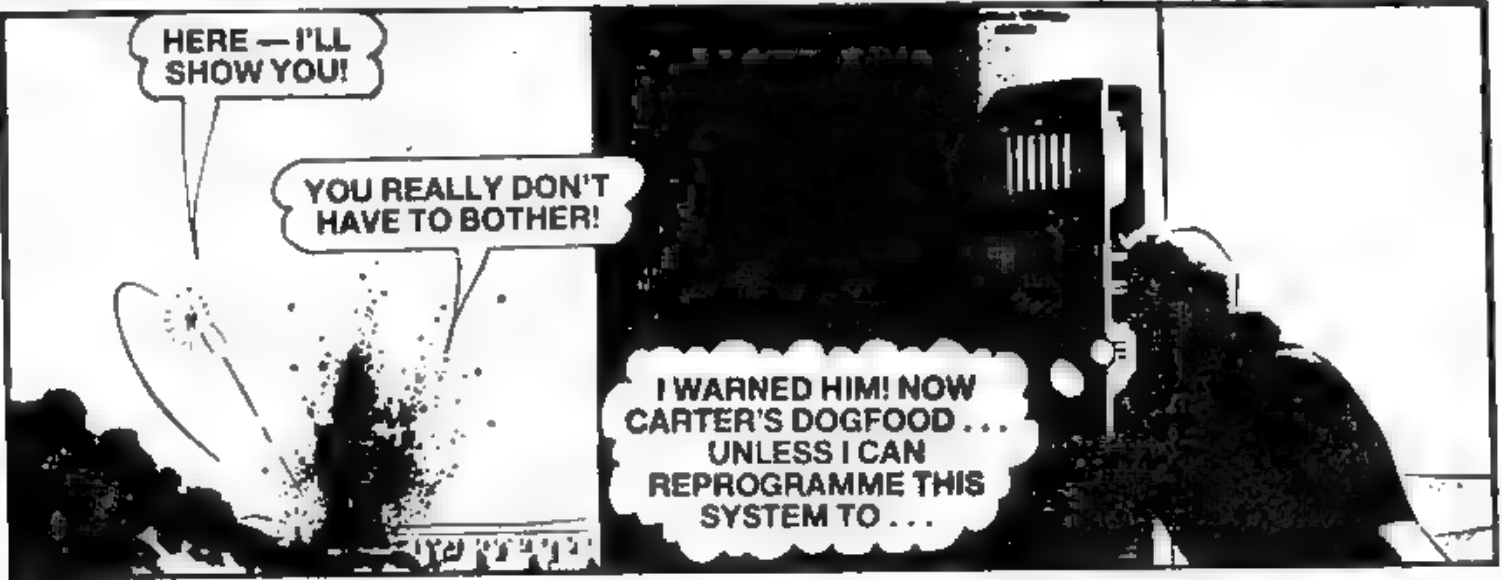
HOW UNFORTUNATE!
DESTROYING ALL THOSE
LASER PILLARS HAS
EXHAUSTED THE BATTERY
AS I PLANNED ... WHEREAS
I STILL HAVE PLENTY OF
ENERGY LEFT IN MY
WEAPONS!



HERE — I'LL
SHOW YOU!

YOU REALLY DON'T
HAVE TO BOTHER!

I WARNED HIM! NOW
CARTER'S DOGFOOD ...
UNLESS I CAN
REPROGRAMME THIS
SYSTEM TO ...



BUT ON THE RANGE, TIME WAS RUNNING OUT FOR CARTER—

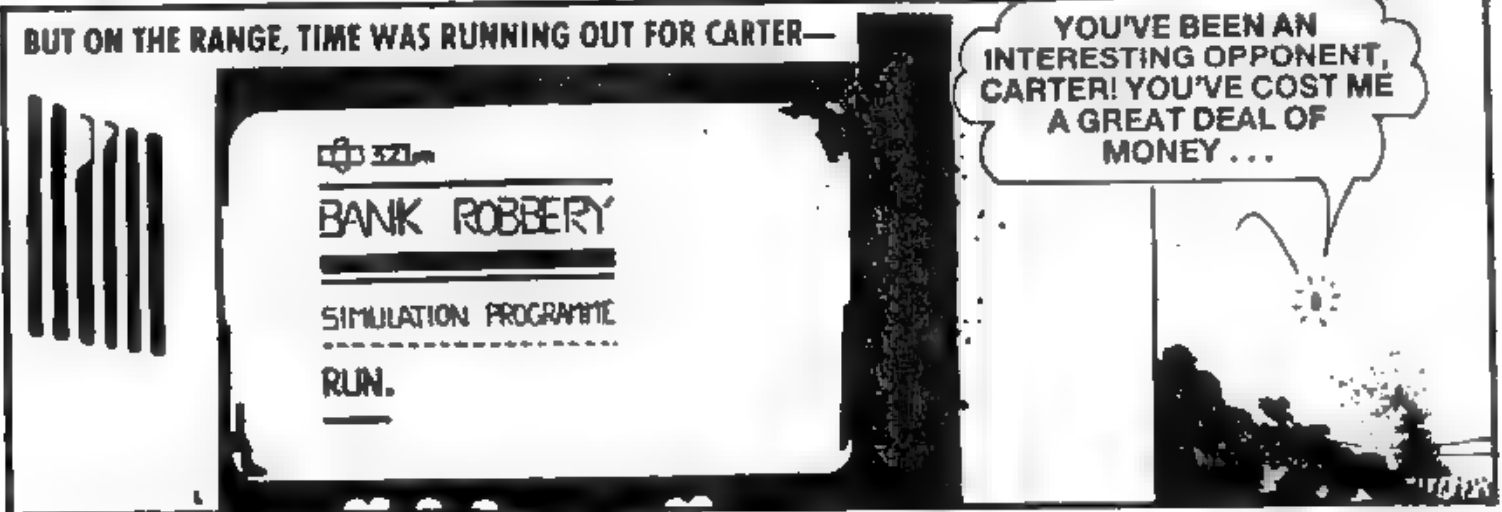
321

BANK ROBBERY

SIMULATION PROGRAMME

RUN.

YOU'VE BEEN AN
INTERESTING OPPONENT,
CARTER! YOU'VE COST ME
A GREAT DEAL OF
MONEY ...



AND FOR THAT
YOU MUST PAY...

MOVING IN FOR THE KILL, WINDACRE DID
NOT NOTICE THE TRAINING RANGE'S
COMPUTER-HYDRAULICS ROAR INTO
LIFE...

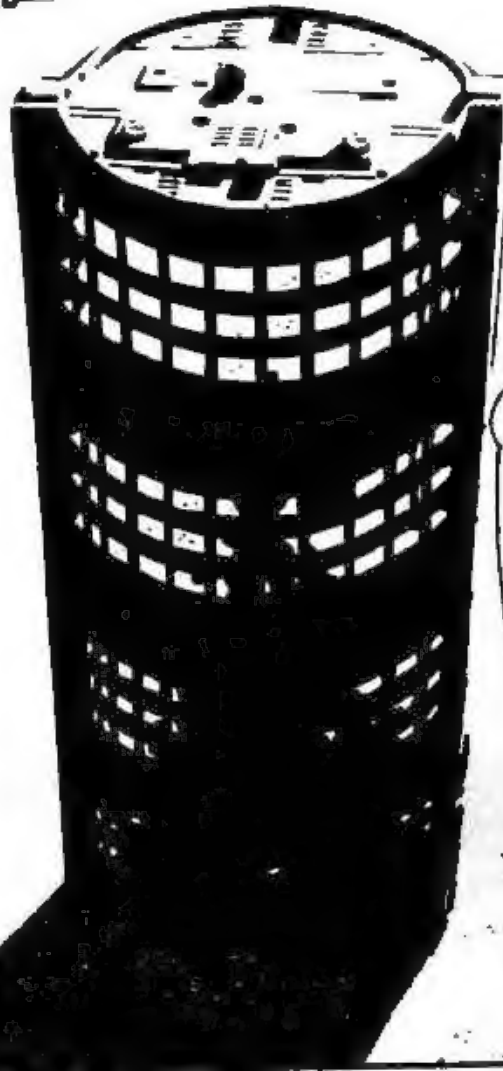
... BY PRODUCING THE
AFOREMENTIONED SIMULATED BANK,
MADE OF SIMULATED TITANIUM ...
DESIGNED TO LAST FOREVER.

WITH YOUR —
AAAAARRRGH!

SPLAT!

B A N K

EVEN CARTER WAS SURPRISED—

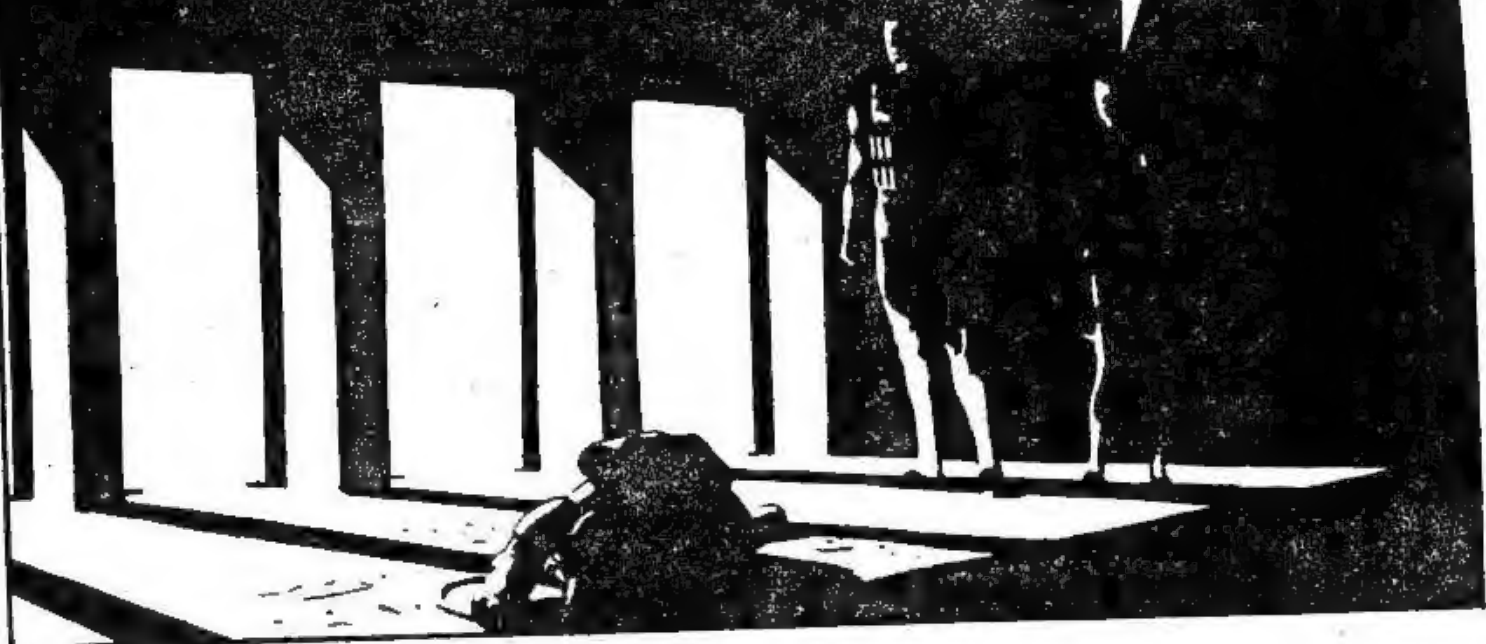


COE ... DID I MISS A CHAPTER? WHAT HAPPENED?

THAT'S PART OF YOUR SPECIALLY-BUILT STREET, CARTER — NOWADAYS IT'S ALL KEPT UNDERGROUND SO THAT URBAN TRAINING CAN BE ROTATED WITH ROUGH TERRAIN EXPERIENCE. WINDACRE WAS GOOD AT ROUGH TERRAIN ...

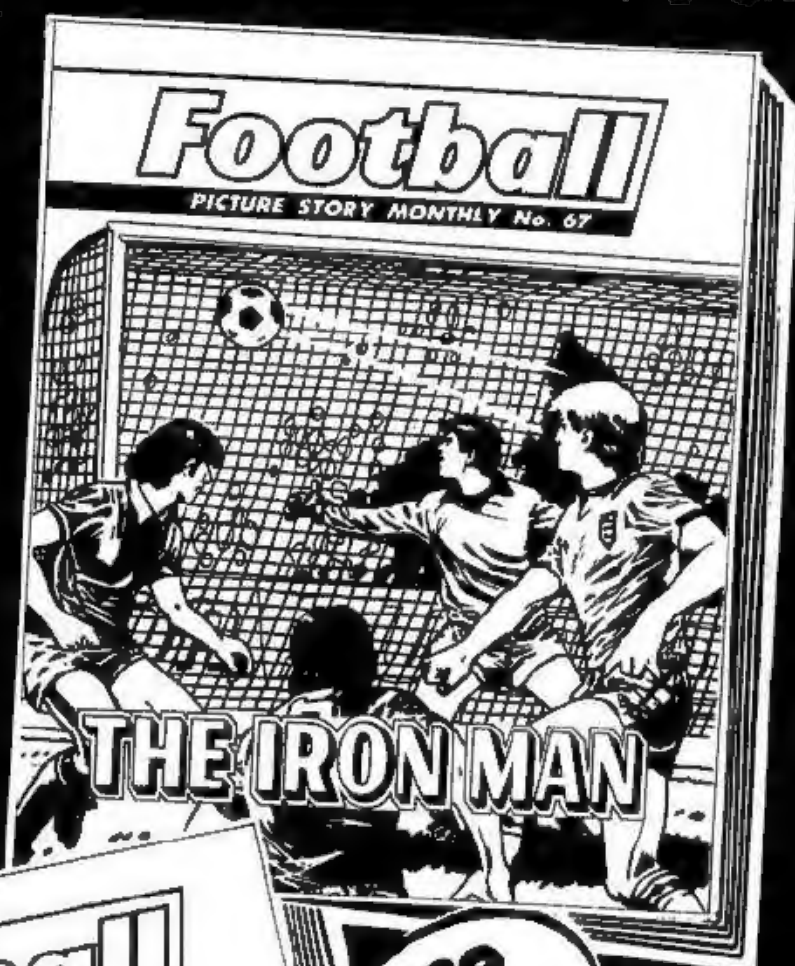
BUT HE OBVIOUSLY COULDN'T HANDLE BUILDINGS! IF ONLY YOU HAD BEEN WITH ME IN STARROD'S THAT DAY!

I'D HAVE BEEN MRS CARTER NOW. NO THANKS, I'D RATHER BE DEAD THAN WED TO YOU.





**IF YOU'RE
A
FOOTBALL
FAN, YOU
CAN'T
AFFORD
TO MISS
THESE!**



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ROUGH JUSTICE

It was bad luck when an entire police force went down with food-poisoning. It was even worse luck that Carter happened to be the only senior operative available in the area.

But worst luck of all, for Carter, was his new assistant, Coe. Carter didn't like trainees, and he didn't like women, so when Coe turned out to be a female rookie, Carter flipped.

Oh, and there was one other small problem. Someone was trying to take over an entire planet...

